

OWARDS COOPERATIVE INDUSTRY

AND SPOIL THE CHILD

*J.W.
m. walter.*

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THE

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CANADIAN FORUM

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RICHARD DE BRISAY

IT IS with profound regret that we announce the death, on February 2nd, of Richard de Brisay whose comments filled this page for almost three years. Late in January an illness he had endured since the war took a serious turn and culminated on the day his last commentary on public events appeared in print. His final contribution will be found in the book-review columns of this issue.

He was elected to the editorial committee of THE CANADIAN FORUM in May, 1922, and served the paper devotedly, despite a condition of health which would have subdued most others, till within ten days of his death. His first signed contributions were half a dozen whimsically ironical sketches, of which 'Picking the Elephant' was perhaps the best. A novel in a similar vein remained unpublished, and his interest in storytelling declined as his absorption in world affairs increased. In August, 1924, he was made general editor and for more than two and a half years bore the weight of the journal almost alone and carried it forward through a time of what appeared to others as almost unsurmountable difficulties. Before he resigned the general editorship in the spring of 1927, he had not only tided it over a crises, but had greatly improved its quality. In April, 1928, he undertook to write the monthly articles on current affairs which have appeared in every issue since then.

Our readers need not be told of his qualities as a writer on public affairs and on books. That his comments were followed with keen interest by nearly all, whether they agreed with his views or opposed them,

his friends of the editorial committee know from the number of times they have been asked what manner of man he was. But of his personal qualities it is difficult to speak dispassionately, for there was something compelling and individual about him which made him singularly attractive to those who knew him well. The courage which enabled him to work in the face of continuous and exhausting illness and of enforced loneliness was no mere dogged defence against defeat, but was high-spirited and touched with humour, an expression of a gallant outlook on life. He never avoided a contest, whether of wits or of principles. At times he was outspokenly impatient of opposition, but an opponent who cheerfully resisted him won only his respect. He was, indeed, an aristocrat by nature. Fastidious to a fault, intolerant of the cheap, the vulgar, the commonplace, and the insincere, much of our modern democracy filled him with disgust. The democracy of the future of which he dreamed was one in which all men would have become aristocrats.

There was a period when, newly released from military hospitals and not yet claimed by responsibility, he ranged about in a newly-discovered world. It was a delight then to make him free of one's dwelling and to share his pleasure in the trees and sunlight, his immense enjoyment of some absurdity of the streets or politics, and his free-hearted arguments on serious and frivolous subjects. He had a trick of propounding fantastic ideas with a humorous gravity that dumbfounded the solemn stranger, and a favourite theme was the immediate necessity of forming a duelling club as the only efficacious and gentlemanly way of removing incompetent but popular politicians. The organization of that club was complete down to a list of first victims from Parliament Hill.

Looking back on those days and nights of eager discussion, or on the purposeful sick-bed work of his last years, one is keenly aware that a gallant and generous spirit has gone from among us and that we shall not meet his like again. It is with no ordinary sense of loss, both for what was and for what might have been, that we say farewell to Richard de Brisay.

NOTES AND COMMENT

THE PRIME MINISTER'S PROBLEMS.

AS the opening of the Parliamentary session approaches, the usual crop of rumours springs up about the legislative programme. Since he returned from his heroic but unsuccessful attempt to save the Empire in London Mr. Bennett has hardly lived up to his reputation. He has roared like any sucking dove. He has been bustling about on a variety of mysterious activities from which no tangible results are yet visible. The Australian Treaty which so intrigued the newspaper correspondents a few weeks ago seems to have lost its publicity value. Mr. Stevens' fine-tooth comb, which was going through our tariff schedules to find openings for Empire imports of goods we do not make ourselves, seems also to have been laid aside. And some mean-minded people are beginning to whisper that our Prime Minister's statesmanship is remarkably like that of his predecessor and consists chiefly in waiting for something to turn up. If someone will float a loan to China we might sell some wheat there. If he can announce negotiations with President Hoover, that will tide him over the session as far as the St. Lawrence Waterway is concerned. If Premier Taschereau keeps up the good work on radio, the courts will have to decide that question and the government can shelve it for a few years. It has already been announced that they are studying unemployment insurance, which means that it also is shelved for a few years. Meanwhile the economic depression may disappear and then it won't matter what the Opposition says. But to suggest that thoughts like these ever occur to Mr. Bennett is undoubtedly to do him an injustice. Undoubtedly he has ready a tremendous list of new tariff items. Give him time and every industrialist in our great Dominion will be saved from foreign competition. With this great work at hand, trivial matters like the Imperial Economic Conference this summer or the Dominion-Provincial Conference on the Act of Westminster hardly matter.

AGITATION IN THE WEST.

It is rather unfortunate that the East is hearing so much these days about propositions for nationalization of credit, for secession and such things among the Western farmers. The soap-box type of demagogery always becomes more prevalent when hard times hit the West, but it is not to be taken too seriously. As Messrs. Swanson and Armstrong remark in their book on Wheat, the Western farmer has a remarkable capacity for indulging in or listening to discussion of the most Utopian schemes of social reconstruction, combined with an equally remarkable capacity for keeping his feet firmly planted on the ground. Unfortunately the assiduous telegraphing of news about little meetings of embattled farmers who adopt wild resolutions is having the effect of hardening the heart of the East against all ideas which emanate from the West. Most of these meetings, as a matter of fact, are about as important as the communist gatherings which are so sternly broken up by the police of Toronto and Montreal. But a thesis is becoming popular

among the 'best people' of the East that the Western farmer always squeals when things do not go as he wishes and that he had best be left to squeal. That he is a vociferous fellow is true. But there is a reason for it. When the Eastern manufacturer finds that profits are dwindling all he needs to do is to take a quiet trip to Ottawa and have a quiet interview with the proper authorities, and he gets a quiet increase in the tariff. It may not even be necessary for him to seek the help of legislation, which is always apt to involve a certain amount of undesirable and noisy publicity; often the end can be attained by a quiet Order-in-Council which doesn't get into the papers. When the Eastern financier makes a mess of things he puts his Company through a quiet process which is euphemistically known as a reconstruction of its capital structure, and unloads his burden upon the stockholders or bondholders who are mostly quiet boobs anyway and won't understand what it is all about. But the Western farmer has no such easy method of shifting his troubles on to other people. He has to sell his goods in a world market. He has found by experience that he can make his political influence felt only by public organization with his fellows, by continuous propaganda, and by constant open pressure upon the Ottawa politicians. Nature did not make him any noisier than are the dignified industrialists and financiers in their carpeted offices in Toronto and Montreal. It has merely denied him the same opportunities for getting rich quietly at the expense of other people.

TALK VS. RUSSIA.

THE elderly gentlemen both in and out of Parliament who rule the destinies of this country are becoming increasingly nervous about Russia. With wheat seemingly stuck for the moment at a market price far below the cost of production to the western farmer, unemployment as bad, or almost as bad, as it has ever been, a revival of radicalism in one form, or another in the Prairie Provinces, and even the most conservative economic experts confirming the onward sweep of the Five Year Plan, they have some reason to be nervous. A rhetorical shaking of fists, however, and speeches against the 'bloodthirsty tyrants of Moscow' will not avail them much; nor will panicky attempts to suppress the free discussion of the pros and cons of the economic dispensation under which we live. Yet these are the very tactics which at this moment seem most appropriate to certain politicians. Sir William Mulock, addressing a stock-breeders' convention a few weeks ago in Toronto, held his audience wide-eyed with fairy stories about the Soviets: 'the nationalization of women,' 'the bringing up of children to be criminals,' and all the other Rigamade lies of a decade ago. Senator Gideon Robertson who spoke after him attempted to deprecate the Red menace, but if the Minister of Labour's words were fair, the deeds of his Department lie somewhat in the shadow. Is it not a matter of common knowledge that the orders for the concerted attack on free speech came from Ottawa? Passing over the public utterances of such notorious victims of bolshephobia as the Mayor of Winnipeg, there remains the Meighen speech on the Russian Experiment delivered before the Royal Canadian Institute. It was a red-letter day in

the annals of the Conservative Party, but even non-Conservatives must have been disappointed when they realized that the former Prime Minister's pyrotechnic display of statistics failed to mask a fundamental ignorance of all the non-economic elements of his subject. The would-be constructive peroration of Mr. Meighen's address, a plea to Great Britain to pull Canada's chestnuts out of the fire by a series of anti-Russian embargoes is as little likely to be successful as Sir Thomas White's doggerel appeal to the Muses (and the United States) to do something about the War Debts.

WISER COUNSEL.

FORTUNATELY not all our politicians are politicians; some of them are statesmen as well with cooler heads and broader minds. Premier Brownlee of Alberta blazed a trail to sagacity when, in adjourning a convention of his party, he advised the delegates to go home and study Russia dispassionately and to seek for pointers that might help in the readjustment of our own social and economic fabric. The Hon. N. W. Rowell echoed his words a week later and even Mr. T. L. Church is to be found on the side of the angels. One is not often tempted to agree with the former Dick Whittington of Toronto, but when Mr. Church declared that 'Capitalism must be shorn of its abuses and its desire, at times, to exploit the worker,' that 'Capitalism must clean its own house,' he uttered nothing but sound common sense. So did the Minister of Agriculture when he warned the eastern bankers of the grave dangers of a purely selfish policy, dangers far graver than any likely to be caused by the 'secret emissaries of Bolshevism.' Premier Brownlee in his address even waxed academic and advised his followers to use *Humanity Uprooted* by Maurice Hindus as a text-book. He might have recommended other works, less popular perhaps, but even more authoritative: W. H. Chamberlin's *Soviet Russia*; Dr. E. J. Dillon's *Russia Today*, the works of Keynes, of Fischer, of Maurice Dobb. These books exist. They are written by men who know what they are talking about and it is time that Canadians were reading them instead of listening to the bed-time stories of angry ignoramuses. Knowledge is the surest weapon of defence and, in time of crisis, the only barrier against hysteria.

CANADA'S FIVE YEAR PLAN.

THE scandal in Britain over the deportation from Canada of former emigrants is becoming widespread and increasingly vocal. Well it may. To weed out all but the fittest and most employable among the British workers who have thrown in their lot with this country during the past five years and to chuck them back to where they came from as so much waste material may be good business, but it is a shabby national policy. It becomes indefensible when one considers that these same deportees were lured over here with a great deal of tub-thumping during the boom years when Canadian industrialists were clamouring for labour and Canadian transportation companies ready to spread the most extravagant tales about the wealth of the Golden West to bolster up their passenger trade figures. Furthermore, these deportees

of today were rigorously weeded out at the port of entry. If they have fallen sick or lost their jobs in the interim, as so many thousands of their Canadian comrades have done, that in no way lessens this country's burden of moral responsibility. The Minister of Immigration justifies his Department's procedure by saying that the practice is not a new one. That may be so, but if every British immigrant is to live under the threat of this Canadian Five Year Plan, Canadian manufacturers will whistle for their labour next time they need it.

WILD LIFE IN ONTARIO.

ON February 10, the *Toronto Mail and Empire* stated, on 'reliable' information, that a new Department for Game and Fisheries is to be established in the Ontario Cabinet, and the Hon. W. D. Block was named as the minister likely to be chosen; he will be assisted by an advisory committee of experts. On the face of it, this is great news, for if ever a question needed the full attention of a competent non-partizan group, the protection of wild life in Canada is one. But we have strong misgivings. To quote from the *Mail*:—

Because of its importance to the province from a tourist standpoint, it is believed the Government will bring down legislation which will help to swell the tourist traffic to Ontario's hinterland. Creation of a Department of game and fisheries is said to be one of the first steps in this direction.

If this is a reliable forecast of the policy of the new Department, then Ontario's game and fish are doomed in the sacred interests of TOURIST TRADE—that modern deity before which every good Canadian bows the knee. No schemes of so-called conservation can long be effective against the promotion of killing which such a policy entails. Already the life of the wilderness is diminishing. Under a consistent policy of exploitation it will practically vanish. Ontario must choose, and choose quickly. On the one hand there is a temporary influx of dollars, on the other the preservation for this and future generations of interesting and lovely forms of life; cupidity and joy in destruction are set over against a disinterested delight in living things. Here is a great opportunity for wise action, and one which will soon pass.

SONNET

When, in a friendly slant of sun, all care
Is lost in vagrant wanderings of thought,
When past and future melt like mist and, rare,
The sparkling present in a net is caught;
When, thus sense-balmed, I lie content to dream,
A diver snaring bubbled pearls of bliss
To string as beads of memory whose gleam
Will bless more earthly moments with its kiss;
If then from out the far-bestridding eaves
Of Heaven there came a drifting music, borne
Airy and light as wind through summer leaves
And magic with the dew-sweet stir of dawn,
Then to my dream this music from above
Would be as to my life my lover's love.

EDMUND FANCOTT.

TOWARDS COOPERATIVE INDUSTRY

BY HENRI LASSERRE

I

THE days through which the civilized world is now living are probably the dawn of a new era in the history of humanity. They are great days, or at least the forerunners of the epoch-making, although possibly harder days to come. Our generation is being confronted with huge and most difficult problems indeed, especially social and economic problems, that will have to be solved, of necessity, in some way or another. So far, previous generations have found it expedient simply to close their eyes, let things go, postpone the necessary re-construction of the economic system, without considering that by so doing they were making the task harder and harder for their descendants. But this policy cannot go on for ever, and we all feel today that we have to rid ourselves, to rid humanity, of this painful uneasiness, of this terrible menace which hangs so heavily upon us.

We say: Now is the time to act. One of the reasons which makes our action an imperative and urgent necessity is the fact that a country—a huge country too with a population fifteen times as large as that of Canada—has engaged in a gigantic effort to re-build her whole economic structure on a new basis. However erroneous certain of their principles may be, however repulsive some of their methods are to us, the very fact of the Russian experiment lays the problem before us so forcibly that there is no way for us to evade it. If we do not want to go through the same struggle as Russia, there is only one thing to do, and to do at once. That is to engage courageously in a programme of peaceful, voluntary re-construction of our social and economic organization, in order to adjust it to the requirements of the present age, but on a better, sounder basis, and by employing more sensible methods than those advocated by the Soviets or their disciples all over the world. And this is, to my mind, the only attitude that should be taken towards Communism and the Communists: offer a better programme of social re-construction, and engage in its realization, whatever immediate sacrifices of cherished habits of thinking and living it may require from us.

What are those problems that are being forced upon us and which urge us to re-consider all of our economic and social structures? They may all be summed up by saying that, while technical progress has engendered entirely new material conditions for human life, our social relationships, still governed by conceptions which belong to another age, have yet to be adjusted to these new material conditions. Through mechanical invention and development of modern industry, humanity has entered a quite new era of her evolution. Let us call it the 'Machine Age'—or rather the 'Collective Machine Age', its main feature being that many men have to cooperate in the production of most of the commodities used by man, and in the distribution of these to their ultimate consumers.

On the other hand, the human relationships arising from our economic activities, and especially from industrial enterprises, have remained based on and rivet-

ed to principles and notions which were those of the previous age, the 'Age of the Individual Tool', but which are no longer suitable for the present conditions of our economic life. May I point out this opposition between the Individual Tool Age of yesterday, and the Collective Machine Age of today, by presenting a few simple observations which will illustrate how much the fundamental ideas, on which our practical daily life rests, need to be revised. These illustrations were chosen intentionally so as to put into evidence the need for a reorganization of our industry on a new basis, since this is the only phase of our economic and social life with which we are concerned in this article.

* * *

First of all, before the spreading of the use of machines, and especially before our industries engaged in mass-production methods, very strenuous toil was required to produce all that was needed: a toil so strenuous, so continuous, that if every man had been obliged to take his share in it, there would have been no leisure for anybody. No leisure means no time for deep thinking, for personal study, for fine arts, and other high cultural pursuits, in short, no civilization. In other words, in any human society of previous ages, civilization was only possible where there was a small fraction of the people of this society, a fraction forming a *privileged* class or privileged classes, who were able to get rid of the burden of labour, by having other men do this labour for them. In view of our modern, democratic theories, and our most elementary ideas of justice, it is evident that the only justification of a privileged class in any society lies in the *necessity* of such a privileged, leisure class, for the maintenance and progress of civilization. But at present, conditions of production are no longer the same. The efficiency of our labour has increased to such an extent that if the production and distribution of wealth were conducted and organized in the proper manner it would be possible for every human being who so desires to secure for himself a very comfortable standard of living, and ample time for leisure to devote to cultural pursuits and refinements of life, and to do so by working only a short part of the day: an average of about three hours a day would be sufficient (*), or 18 to 20 hours per week, or about four months per year at a rate of 45 hours per week.

All of these are well-known facts. But then, we must come to the conclusion that, since the development of industrial technique has been such as to make leisure attainable for every human being, there is no longer any justification whatsoever left, from an ethical standpoint, for the maintenance of a privileged class of people, or privileged individuals, in any community. Now, this should lead us, not merely theoretically to condemn the obsolete existence of privilege in our present so-called democratic communities, but also to question the rightfulness and soundness of those existing laws or social customs by which privileges are

(*) Reliable economists say hardly more than two hours a day.

created or maintained. At this juncture, it may be found expedient to explain in what sense I am using the word 'privilege' here. From my condemnation of privilege it should not be assumed that in my opinion all men should be equal. No! Equality is unattainable. Nature has made men different from one another, and hence unequal, and as long as men are men, no social organization will ever efface these differences. Moreover, a distinction should be made between a privileged class and an *élite*, the latter consisting of those in any given community who, through moral superiority, have secured a certain ascendancy over their fellow-citizens. No human society could progress without an *élite*. But what I protest against are those social inequalities which have resulted from privilege. By privilege I mean a right, recognized by law or at least supported and enforced by the public authorities, which sanctions a person having others work for him or her, without making an equivalent contribution to them. The most striking example of privilege, in our present civilized world, is that arising from the fact that land and the means of production are permitted to be owned by individuals or controlled by private interests for the purpose of deriving profit from the labour of those who must have access to them.

My conclusion on this first point is therefore the following. In view of the fact that there is no longer any ethical justification for privilege in the present age, we have to revise our conception of private ownership in so far as it includes ownership of land and means of production not used personally and directly by the owner or owners; just as our forefathers had to revise this same conception of private ownership in so far as it then included ownership of human beings—the ownership of slaves.

* * *

My second observation as to the fundamental changes in human relationships which have to be accomplished as a result of the development of modern industry, is not made from the ethical standpoint as was my first observation, but from the *economic* standpoint.

While, in former ages, it may have been economically sound and desirable that most of the people in any community should be kept at the lowest possible standard of life, so that the greatest possible wealth might be accumulated in the hands of the few of the privileged classes, today, on the contrary, thanks to mechanical progress and mass production, we see that a certain equalization of the standards of life for all people is becoming more and more a necessity for economic progress. It is justly proclaimed that the highest possible purchasing power should be obtained in the community for the greatest possible number of standardized commodities, and this can only be obtained by having all members of the community share as equally as possible in the wealth produced by it. Now, this is a most important and far-reaching feature of our modern age. From the economic viewpoint, and irrespective of ethical or social considerations which of course would lead us to the same conclusions, our economic system, and especially our industries, should be organized in such a way that they would secure an income as equal as possible, as high as possible, to all men. This is one of the greatest discoveries of modern industry. Equalization of in-

come has become a pressing requirement of economic progress in any modern, industrialized society.

Yet, what do we see? An accumulation of wealth, a control of the sources of income, more and more concentrated in the hands of a few. In the United States, for instance, if what I read recently is true, 2% of the whole population control among themselves 70% of the wealth of the country; while 98% of the people must be contented with the remaining 30%! This absurd situation is the result of the fact that our system of industry is still based on pursuit of higher and higher incomes for the few who have succeeded in controlling it. How is it that we do not see the folly of letting things go and continuing to place in the hands of the few, in the form of profits and high salaries, a large percentage of the wealth produced by the community, while modern industry makes it imperative that this wealth be divided more or less equally among all members of this community? If we do not decide without delay to revise our fundamental conceptions of profit, wages, and salaries, so as to equalize incomes, are we not exposing our country to social disintegration? For we cannot act in opposition to economic laws, without paying the penalty, sooner or later.

* * *

In many other respects, moreover, contrast is sharp between the economic and social conditions and possibilities of our times and those of, say, a century and a half ago, that is, before the Industrial Revolution. Do I need to mention what complete transformation in human relationships has resulted from the development of our means of communication? Of our means of transportation? I shall not linger on the fundamental changes of attitude that these developments require from us with regard to national and international problems. I shall not linger either on the huge consequences, not yet fully considered by those who have the destinies of our country in their hands, of the fact that we are quickly becoming, economically as well as intellectually, a *world community*, which implies that markets for all main commodities are becoming world markets whatever may be attempted to reverse this tendency by artificial protective policies.

There is still one consideration, however, a consideration of a *social* nature rather than ethical or economic, to which I wish to draw attention, with regard to the new possibilities, the new requirements, arising from the coming of what we have called the Machine Age. We have seen that the progress in industrial technique should make leisure attainable by everybody. We have seen also that, especially from the economic standpoint, an extensive equalization of income should take place, making it possible for every human being to enjoy a quite satisfactory standard of living. Now, as these two new features of human life are gradually brought into effect, it will be easier for everybody to reach a high level of general culture and education. In fact, very much indeed is already being done towards this end, and now we all consider that opportunity for higher education should be given to everybody. To this extent at least, our attitude has become already democratic, already more or less in keeping with the requirements of the present age. Now, what is the consequence of this democratization of education in the domain of industry with which we are especially concerned?

The consequence is that it will be more and more feasible for any man, for a rank-and-file worker, engaged in any industry, to raise himself from the ranks to higher levels, if he has the will and the ability to do so, and to acquire all the general culture, knowledge, and experience required for executive qualifications and general business ability. Moreover, thanks to his better education, the rank-and-file worker who remains in the ranks will be able to cooperate in the management of the industry in which he works; and by reciprocity the very fact that he cooperates in the management of his factory and in its business is bound to be an invaluable source of new experience, education, and satisfaction.

This is again a very important fact indeed, with far-reaching consequences. So far, we have always considered that there should be two absolutely distinct classes of persons engaged in any industrial enterprise: on one hand, the employer, together with the managerial force, and those occupying higher positions who in some way or another have been induced to make the interests of the employer their own; on the other hand, the rank-and-file employees, who have no direct or effective interest in the prosperity of the business, and even in the work they are doing, except for the risk of losing their jobs or for the very thin hope of improving their personal condition. In other words, we could hardly imagine an industry without a boss on the one side, together with his auxiliaries, representing the interests of those who share in the distribution of the profits of the business; and a working force, irresponsible, practically without interest in the outcome of the enterprise, and of their work in particular, nay, with personal interests conflicting directly with those of the boss, which they may at any time endeavour to enforce by a strike or the menace of a strike. I do not need to say that this opposition of interests between two groups of men engaged in the same enterprise, is a very serious drawback, an obvious weakness, a cause of inefficiency.

Moreover, the two groups of men engaged in industry are by no means in the same position: the boss *has the right to employ*, and employ anyone he feels it convenient to employ; and those on his side are generally engaged on a salary basis, with very little risk of losing their jobs except of their own accord; whereas the employee, on the contrary, *has not the right to be employed*, or to remain in employment, as he pleases; his fate is at the employer's discretion.

Now, what is the reason for this strange and unwholesome dualism in a single organization? The reason is very simple: so far, the workers have not been able to share in the responsibility of the government of the enterprises in which they work, nor of the management of their business, largely through lack of opportunity to get the required education and experience. When they are given this opportunity—and many of us feel they should get it—they will be able to manage the industries themselves, cooperatively, without requiring to be engaged by a boss. In other words, it will be possible to have industries operated without a boss at the head, or irresponsible employees under him; there will be no longer employers and employees; and thus, the great problem of unemployment will be solved, by abolishing the very process of employment in industry, and in business in general.

I would even say that this is the only way, in my

opinion, by which the spectre of unemployment may be definitely banished from our industrial communities: let all those who engage in industry be at once employers and employees in any industrial or business enterprise. All other remedies proposed so far for this terrible plague of unemployment are but temporary palliatives, or would even bring with them evils still worse than the curse of unemployment itself.

(This article is in two parts. The second part will appear in the next issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM.)



PRESUMABLY there has been a good deal of quiet discussion this winter at the Liberal party G.H.Q. as to future party strategy. Perhaps they have already issued operation orders for the coming session. It must have been a joyous task gathering ammunition against an enemy who has exposed himself to attack on every front. Yet there must also have been at least one cause of uneasiness in the Liberal deliberations. That is the possibility that our present hard times may lead to a revival of the Progressive movement which in 1921 swept like a prairie fire from the foothills of the Rockies far into the farm lands of Ontario. Saskatchewan looks more dangerous every day, and the U.F.A. seem to be still firmly entrenched in Alberta. What a shame, with such opportunities in front of them, if the forces of the attackers should be split into several groups in this way! Will these impatient Westerners never learn that our British form of government works badly unless there are two parties only? How unfortunate if all the 'forward-looking' citizens of both East and West were not to be found united in one camp! Anyone who has lived in the West will recall the persuasive tones with which Mr. King used to plead these arguments in the early 1920's.

* * *

EVER since last July the *Manitoba Free Press* has been using a variant of the same line of argument with which to chide its Western constituency. It has been lamenting the disintegration of Western influence in the present Parliament and denouncing the independent groups for their short-sighted notion that they could continue indefinitely to get what they wanted for the West by holding a pistol at the head of the Liberal government. Undoubtedly the independents made mistakes during the last ten years. But the fact remains that the reason why the West is politically helpless today is not that so many of the prairie electors were led astray into voting Progressive at the last election but that so many of them were led astray into voting Tory. And the reason why they acted as they did is perfectly obvious. They had lost all faith in the sincerity of the Liberals. Mr. Bennett with his messianic fervor and his bible quotations seemed sincere. Unfortunately it is still true in this country that a man who can quote glibly from the bible will usually be accepted at his own valuation. The

Dunning budget, which was all that the Liberals had to offer, was a skilful bid for the support of Eastern industrialists, but it was a betrayal of the West by the West's own leader and a betrayal of the low-tariff supporters of the Liberal party throughout the country. There was no fighting spirit during the election in the ranks of the Liberal party outside of the machine, as the columns of the *Free Press* itself showed only too clearly.

* * *

IF, then, Mr. King wishes to avoid another outbreak of chaotic insurgency in the West he must take strenuous measures. He will have to convince a deeply sceptical electorate that he has some constructive programme on which he means business and that he is in earnest when he talks about co-operation of all the forward-looking forces in the community. His last administration left too many people in the dark as to what were the activities in which we were to co-operate, and it convinced a growing number that the only thing to which Mr. King himself was looking forward was a continuance in office. Like the House of Lords throughout the war, his government did nothing in particular and did it very well.

The present situation is that we have a government in power which is tied, body and soul, to the Eastern industrialists, and to the most stupid and hoggish section of them. Its only solution for our social distresses is to throw some more slops into the trough for the hogs. The business and financial leaders who support it have apparently nothing more constructive to offer on national economic policies than their fatuous daily incantations about the condition of the country being fundamentally sound. A Liberal party which is to be really liberal must be prepared to prove to the common man that it is no longer willing to be the instrument of this blind and complacent class selfishness. For in the meantime Russia is working out her five-year plan.

* * *

LET us, then, set down a modest preliminary list of practical policies to which any liberal movement in this country will inevitably commit itself during the next decade whether it is in charge of the Liberal party or not.

First of all there is the tariff. All that is required of the Liberals here is plain common honesty. We must have no more of these Dunning-Moore conjuring tricks with the iron and steel schedules. We must have no more of this mimic warfare which, after nine years of office, left the tariff schedules with only a few microscopic reductions. Fortunately it will be a little easier for the Liberals to be honest during the 1930's than it was during the 1920's. For many signs point to a recession of the tide of economic nationalism which swept over the world after the war. It didn't bring economic salvation to any nation, and even our American neighbours are becoming slowly more conscious of that fact.

Next comes social insurance. Big Business in Canada, as in the United States, will fight this to the last ditch; because workmen who have some security against the spectres of sickness, unemployment and an old age of poverty will not be the same docile creatures that they have hitherto been. But already, to judge from news reports, the nauseating cant about the danger of undermining the sturdy independent spirit of the

workman by too much mollicoddling is not quite so prevalent at Service Clubs as it used to be. That sort of thing was more plausible when everybody was dazzled by the glamour of perpetual prosperity.

We are already committed in Canada to an extensive programme of public ownership and operation of essential public services. But our very success in this field in the past is apt to blind us to the dangers that loom up in the near future. The Ontario Hydro enterprise which began by being an aggressive and adventurous social experiment has sunk back into the position of a complacent business associate of the private power interests. In almost every other province they are staking out strategic territory for themselves before public-ownership sentiment can be aroused. The C. N. R. stands in imminent danger of being quietly strangled by the present Government. Of course no spectacular attack upon it will be made. But it will be denied money for needed expansion, the C. P. R. will be allowed to beat it into new fields, and the enthusiasm of its officials will be persistently discouraged. The great new public service of radio, with its almost unimaginable potentialities, is more than likely to be handed over to the exploitation of private profit-seeking interests. The men who control these strategic public services of power, transportation, and radio will more and more control our national life. And, in the long run, if the control is left in private hands, it will eventually be located in New York. If, on the other hand, the control is kept in the hands of responsible public bodies we shall have gone a long way to achieve that independent and distinctive Canadian national life of which we are so fond of talking.

A fourth main problem which must be tackled in the near future is that of rural credits. If our Canadian agriculture is to hold its own in world markets and if the small independent farmer, who has been the backbone of our country for so long, is to hold his own in the new era of large scale mechanization, we must work out some more elastic system of financing farm operations. The farmers themselves must probably develop much more far-reaching co-operative organizations than have yet come into existence, and these must be assisted directly or indirectly by the credit of the community. Our whole national economy is based upon the ability of agriculture, our main industry, to market its products in competition with the world.

In all these fields hardly anything can be done without raising the vexed question of Dominion and Provincial jurisdiction. The Liberal party faces the twentieth century with obsolete nineteenth-century traditions of provincial rights. If it is to be an effective political force in future it will have to grow out of these traditions. The fact is that almost always when the provincial-rights cry is raised nowadays the real motive behind it is the unwillingness of some powerful private economic interest to be regulated or interfered with in any way by the national authority. We need to adjust our thinking on these matters to the new social necessities of the times. We need especially to emancipate ourselves from the legalistic conception of Dominion and Provinces as two exclusive competing entities and to think of them more realistically as only two forms of arranging the same people. In practically all the questions which arise out of such matters

as social insurance, radio, rural credits, the practicable solution will probably be some form of co-operation between the two authorities.

* * *

ALL this is of course too vague and general. Vague emotional generalities have been the curse of our politics. Except by scattered individuals, little concrete constructive thinking has been done on most of our national problems. Our parties avoid facing issues until they become acute and then they improvise such solutions as seem likely to be good vote-catchers at the moment. In Britain we have recently seen another method of working out party policy. A few years ago a small group of Liberals—party leaders, economic experts, academic thinkers, business men—got together and threshed out in private the whole question of what British post-war industrial policy should be. The result was the Liberal Yellow Book which is generally agreed to be the best treat-

ment of its subject in print. Perhaps the Liberals were enabled to be both more objective and more inventive by the consciousness that they were never likely to be in power to carry out their proposed programme. As Mr. J. M. Keynes remarked, the best future they could anticipate for their ideas was to see them stolen by the other parties, a future which is already in process of realization. Would it not be an interesting experiment, now before the inevitable repetition of the 1893 and 1919 Conventions becomes due, for our Canadian Liberal leaders to work out a programme by similar methods? At least there would be no danger of the resulting proposals being stolen by a government such as is in power at present.

But of course a liberal who would suggest such a novel procedure would thereby show that he was beginning to take the Liberal party in Canada seriously. And not even six months of Mr. Bennett's government can induce me to take the Liberal party seriously.

F. H. U.

'THE INTELLECTUAL CAPITAL OF CANADA'

FOR the past few weeks the city of Toronto has been suffering from an acute case of the Communist phobia which in one form or another has attacked all the big cities of this continent since the Russian Revolution. In the last number of THE CANADIAN FORUM an account was given of the activities of the police commission and of their success in preventing the local branch of the Fellowship of Reconciliation from starting an open forum for the discussion of public questions. On January 15 sixty-eight members of the teaching staff of the University of Toronto wrote a letter to the newspapers protesting against the attitude of the police commission and affirming their belief in the British principle of freedom of speech and assembly. The publication of the letter led to a remarkable outburst of righteous indignation among the 'good' people of the Queen City, including three of the four daily papers, the *Star* alone taking the side of free speech. In rescuing some samples of their outraged virtue from the oblivion which so quickly falls upon daily newsprint THE CANADIAN FORUM believes that it is performing a service to the social historian of one hundred years hence and hopes also that it is doing a little to relieve the gloom which has settled upon all of us during these hard times.

On January 16 the *Globe* which, ever since George Brown founded it in 1844, has appeared with the famous quotation from Junius at the top of its editorial page—'The subject who is truly loyal to the Chief Magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures'—burst out:—

This matter of 'free speech' which is agitating the fellowship and has brought forth the 'protest' of sixty-eight college professors is but a 'red herring' across the trail. Why is the cause of a group of revolutionary agitators to be preferred to the welfare of a loyal, Christian nation? This is the only point involved in the so-called free-speech issue. When somebody is spreading disease germs, should Fellowships of Reconciliation and college professors protest against those in authority using their best efforts to check the malignant inoculations? This tender-hearted

bosh about the Bolsheviki ought to be stamped out once for all by an indignant citizenship. It is not British Canadian, or Christian. Why should red-blooded Canadians soft-pedal before their machinations?

And next day in a leader headed 'The Reds or the People' it continued:—

Now that the disguise is removed and the attack on the police is admitted to be a battle in behalf of the Communists by so-called liberal minded men, it is timely to give some thought to the overwhelming non-Communist majority of the people. Are they to submit to a policy which will let loose a stench of Soviet propaganda, a campaign against the church and educational systems, the rearing of atheism, a destruction of the economic and political structures of the country?... We need patriots rather than theorizing pussyfooters, and worse.

On the 22nd the *Globe* issued its call to action:—

The University cannot escape its share of the responsibility so long as it fails to disapprove the action. This university is a State institution, the property of the Province. Its Board of Governors cannot ignore a course of action by a portion of its staff who, in the name of 'free speech,' came to the rescue of a section of the population who would pull down our form of government, destroy our economic system, and set up defiance of Christianity and wholesome family life.

The *Mail and Empire* was in complete agreement. On January 19 it summed up the case as follows:—

It has to be said that the 68 professors constitute only a very small minority of the professors employed at the university. It may also fairly be added that the members of the university staff tend to be radical in their views. This is perhaps because their thinking is likely to be academic and theoretical rather than practical. We doubt if on the list of professors today there is a convinced protectionist. . . There is moreover another aspect from which the professorial letter on free speech may be regarded. To what extent does the position of men employed on the staff of a state-supported university differ from that of civil servants? Yet the community would be staggered were a group of deputy ministers or other prominent employees at the Parliament Buildings to interfere in the present contest between the police and the free-speech advocates.

Interviews poured into the papers. Sir John Aird, the President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, expressed the opinion that professors should stick to their knitting, since the professors of Germany, by not doing so, had brought on the great war—a contribution to the vexed question of war origins which is apt to lead mere historians to wish that our banks would give their presidents some knitting to stick to. Mr. Frank Rolph, the retiring, and Mr. C. H. Carlisle, the incoming president of the Toronto Board of Trade, both expressed their disapproval of the professors' action. Said the latter:—

It is with great regret that I read that some 68 members of the faculty of the University had lent themselves to the opposition of an officer of this city. Every one in Toronto has a right to his own opinions, but when a body gets organised for such a purpose within an institution of the outstanding reputation of the University of Toronto, it is a very regrettable condition. If that goes uncensored, then I would take it that the people of the province would understand that the act is condoned by the governors of the university. I am afraid that situation is more far-reaching than we may realize now. (*Star*, Jan. 20).

Lesser individuals wrote letters. Thus a Mr. J. Swinyard Huxley wrote from Weston to the *Globe* (Jan. 21):—

These dons should all be bundled off to Russia, where they would have their eyes opened as to what constitutes free speech. A Congressional Committee at Washington has just presented a report advocating the suppression of radicalism of the Russian kind in the United States, classifying the reds as outlaws, and recommending that aliens of this stripe be deported. A scare of this kind should be thrown into our university staff and from the head down they should be all warned that the teaching and approval of radical doctrines must stop.

What a remarkable variety of talent the Huxley family have exhibited in our day! Incidentally it may be remarked that, as one reads through these letters to the papers, he is struck by the number of stalwart Britishers in Toronto who want to copy the methods proposed by the American Congressional Committee.

On January 21, the *Globe* also had a letter from 'Citizen':—

It is a good thing to see the signature of these professors with their protest. That alone is enough to make the citizens of our province wise to the fact that there are Communists among them and to be on their guard as to what emanates from them in future. That is Russia's plan to work through the seats of learning.

On January 22, E. B. McCullough wrote to the *Globe*:—

I am writing you with regard to this Fellowship of Reconciliation Controversy. I would like to know if these professors are the ones to whom we are entrusting the education of our boys and girls. I think, without exception, they are evolutionists.

On January 20, Mr. B. Bikes wrote to the *Mail*:—

We are not discussing the right (or wrong) of free speech so much as we are discussing communism and sedition and atheism. A policy of mistaken leniency will lead us to, who knows what. Free speech, so-called, has left the British people in the deplorable circumstances in which we find them today, and the result of the misconceived tenderness with which the Czars of Russia handled those who would have talked, demonstrates that the thing to do is to suppress any attempt to discuss any major problem of government in any form—open or closed.

But perhaps Mr. Bikes was pulling somebody's

leg. Not so 'C. T.' whose letter appeared in the *Mail* on the same day:—

I am glad to see by one of the papers that we have more than 68 professors at Toronto University. It would be interesting to have the name of the professor who took around the paper for signature, and it would also be very interesting if a royal commission could obtain from each professor his honest opinion on the subjects of religion and loyalty to the empire.

We have not yet quoted from the unique editorial page of the *Toronto Telegram*. In the earlier stages of the controversy the *Tely* lacked its usual effectiveness, not that it loved the professors more but that it loved the Chief of Police less. But it gradually rounded into form. Witness the following from an editorial on February 3:—

If a lot of Toronto professors would take Premier Brownlee's advice (to study Russia) there would be less of this 'free speech' chatter in Toronto. Free speech there (in Russia) is accompanied by war on religion, free love, and free work for the many in order that the few may rule the millions. If a few of Varsity's teachers were sent to Russia, not as tourists personally conducted by Soviet agents, but as toilers in Soviet wheat fields and Soviet factories, they would return to their Canadian jobs with a restrained admiration for the privileges that go with free speech theories put into practice.

The subject reached the pulpits of the city. On Sunday, January 25, the Rev. F. C. Ward-Whate, priest-vicar of St. Alban's Cathedral, preaching in the presence of His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, declared:—

We know that free speech is a cherished British heritage, and if free speech looks towards the welfare of the citizens, we will be only too glad to welcome it here. If Paul were here he would preach Christ. But if free speech beyond the law is allowed, it will give a magnificent opportunity to the Reds in Toronto to belch forth their vindictive opinions against authority. We know that they have a malignant and vitriolic hatred to constituted order and peace, and there would be a wonderful chance to blaspheme the Christ of the ages and to wound decent Christian citizens to the quick.

Rev. R. G. Stewart of St. John's Presbyterian Church, preaching on the text 'An Old Covenant on a New Cart,' spoke as follows (*Globe*, Jan. 26):—

It would seem that 68 professors of the University of Toronto have seen fit to offer a new covenant of communism on the old cart of education. It that is so, then the sooner the Minister of Education in this Province wakes up, the better for the Province of Ontario, and for this Dominion of Canada of ours. If that is so, the sooner the proper authorities line up the men who poison the minds of the young men and women who are to lead this country in the coming years, the better it will be for our country. The sooner the back door is opened to the man, or men, who would bring into this fair land a system of government that has brought bloodshed and misery, that laughs at virtue and religion, that sneers at family life, and has trampled the most treasured traditions of humanity into the dust—I say the sooner such men or such a system is given the back door, the better for our country.

Little wonder that after this refreshing draught of the pure gospel spirit, Mr. W. Stewart Thomson was moved to write to the *Globe* (27 Jan.):—

In these days of 'pussyfoot parsons' it is inspiring to come across a real old Presbyterian blast, and if the Minister of Education does not see fit to take immediate steps to discipline the 68 professors, it is to be hoped that the Alumni will take action. There is no room in the University of Toronto for tainted teachers.

And on the 31st, Mr. R. H. Knowles did his bit.

(Globe):—

Are the 68 professors who advocate free speech believers in Divine teaching, or are they atheist or agnostic in their views respecting religion? The parents and friends of the students of the university will surely be looking for a pronouncement as to whether certain members of the staff are either atheist or agnostic in their views.

Alas, the University Board of Governors failed to take action. Rumour has it that they are divided in opinion. Can it be that there are Reds even among the Governors of the University of Toronto? But the cause of Christianity and Canadianism in the University has still its valiant defenders. On February 4, the venerable Sir William Mulock, the Chancellor of the University, addressing a convention of live-stock breeders (in the stimulating intellectual atmosphere of Toronto all classes and groups just naturally fall into the habit of discussing these questions of high principle, came out boldly where the Governors had failed:—

If Canada is content to have her laws made by those who deny the existence of God, who would suppress religion, who would destroy the sacredness of marriage, who would abolish home life, who would rob all citizens by any degree of force, up to that of murder, of their worldly goods, would deprive people of liberty and would make them slaves of the State: if, I say, those are the conditions which Canada is content to have established in Canada, then let her open her doors wide and admit into full citizenship the millions of the people of that class. But if Canada does not wish to become a hell on earth she should rid herself at once of those who would, if they could, make her such.

The time has arrived when Canadian public opinion should be made known to the communistic people, our fixed determination to exclude from Canada anyone who would disseminate among us the revolutionary and wicked principles of Russian communism.

The people must ever be on guard lest they be deprived of their rights and liberties.... It is as true today as in the time of Curran that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty—not license, but liberty within the law.... The issue is one of paramount importance, and now is the time for a united Canada to stamp out the treasonable

and insidious virus with which wicked men would inoculate the Canadian body politic.

'Sir Williams' denunciation, according to the *Telegram*, 'was all the more enjoyed because, as head of the University, he seemed to be expressing an opinion on the 68.... Canon Cody, who is chairman of the board of governors, sat at the head table and joined heartily in the applause that punctuated the address.' 'We are glad in Ontario to receive Sir William's message,' said Hon. Leopold Macaulay, the Provincial Secretary (as reported in the *Star*). 'I suppose that some of us may regard that message as a little more agreeable to us than some of those unofficial messages from the university that sometimes hit the front pages of the newspapers.' And Mr. C. H. Carlisle added, 'While the universities of the world have often been the breeding places of political troubles, I don't think that the university of this province will go wrong with such men at the head as Canon Cody and Sir William Mulock.' Meanwhile Sir William and the Canon 'laughed and slapped each others knees at this intimation that the professors were being answered unofficially by the university authorities' (*Star*).

O Canada, Toronto stands on guard for thee!

* * *

And the professors' letter? Bless you, we had almost forgotten about that. This is what they wrote on January 15:—

The attitude which the Toronto police commission has assumed towards public discussion of political and social problems makes it clear that the right of free speech and free assembly is in danger of suppression in this city. This right has for generations been considered one of the proudest heritages of the British peoples, and to restrict or nullify it in an arbitrary manner, as has been the tendency in Toronto for the last two years, is short-sighted, inexpedient and intolerable.

It is the plain duty of the citizen to protest publicly against any such curtailment of his rights, and, in doing so, we wish to affirm our belief in the free public expression of opinions, however unpopular or erroneous.

RADIO AS A FINE ART

BY JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

THE so-called Aird Report on Radio Broadcasting was supposed to be dead and buried, but apparently it has left a posthumous child in the Canadian Radio League—quite a lusty infant too, judging from the noise it is making in the newspapers.

The ideal of the Canadian Radio League inherited from the Aird Report is the 'B.B.C.', or British Broadcasting Corporation, established by the British Government as a means of keeping in its own hands during times of peace a machine for propaganda which would be invaluable in times of war. As no propaganda is necessary at present, it uses this machine for the enlightenment and entertainment of such of the people as care to listen in. One of the delusions of the Canadian Radio League is that this British Government monopoly has a monopoly of attention in Great Britain. A few months ago, I purchased an English portable radio set, and found in this a printed list of wave lengths of stations in Holland (two stations), Paris, Toulouse, Berlin, Langen-

berg, Stockholm, Budapest, Milan, Rome, and Oslo. I asked an English friend the reason for this, and was told that one got so much better programmes from the Continent that one hardly ever listened to the B.B.C. unless they had a good programme relayed from outside. He probably was exaggerating, but the point of view is interesting, as it indicates that the increase in sale of radio sets in Great Britain is due not entirely to the popularity of the B.B.C. but also to the knowledge that an up-to-date set provides reception for Continental programmes.

The contention of the Canadian Radio League that the B.B.C. does not countenance advertising is not borne out by the B.B.C. published programmes. In the five days from January 19th to 23rd, for instance, musical programmes are quoted by the official organ *The Radio Times*, as being provided by the orchestras of Lozell's Picture House, Piccadilly Hotel, the Prince of Wales' Playhouse, Ciro's Club, Frascati's Restaurant, Gleneagles Hotel, Shepherd's Bush Pavilion, Tony's Ballroom (Birmingham), Mayfair Café

(Cardiff), Mayfair Hotel (London), Café de Paris and the Café Restaurant (Birmingham), the Commodore Theatre (Hammersmith), the Esplanade Hotel (Porthcawl), while other recitals are credited as being from the organ of the Beaufort Cinema (Birmingham) and the Regal, Marble Arch. All the places named are frankly commercial enterprises and are on the air for what they can get out of it. The Superior Persons who profess to scorn advertising evidently forget their scruples in their weakness for dance music, food, and moving pictures.

Moreover, while they profess a horror of polluting the ear with advertising, they do not hesitate to pollute the eye with advertising in their official organ *The Radio Times*. It is from the profits of this advertising sheet, printed on cheap paper with indifferent typography, that the B.B.C. secures a fair portion of its revenues. One is reminded of the old simile of robbing Peter to pay Paul.

The devastating effect of the B.B.C. on the musical profession in Great Britain is ascribed by its victims to the scale of fees paid to artists. One prominent English singer said to me, 'You can get an engagement with the B.B.C. if you are a cousin of the janitor and will take a janitor's pay.' He also may be exaggerating, but at any rate he has no difficulty in getting in the U.S.A. and Canada eight times the fee which the B.B.C. offers. The tragedy of the situation for the British musician is that the concert business is shot to pieces by the creation of twelve million radio listeners, and the performers have no escape from the B.B.C. except by emigration. The offices of the two network broadcasting systems in New York can tell of British singers clamouring for auditions. I have met quite a number here in Canada also.

The advisability or otherwise of Government monopoly or competitive privately-owned operation of radio in Canada hinges on the question of talent. The average cost of a radio set is \$150.00, and the average person will invest that sum only if he expects to get equivalent value in entertainment. Under existing conditions in Canada, he can get a certain amount of network and local entertainment produced with Canadian talent plus a larger amount of entertainment from the United States, which includes an increasing number of trans-Atlantic broadcasts from Great Britain and Europe. My estimate of the present annual cost of entertainment produced in Canada and broadcast through Canadian stations (including talent, station time, and transmission charges) is approximately \$2,000,000, while the cost of American entertainment readily accessible to Canadian listeners might be estimated as \$20,000,000, or one-third of the total cost of entertainment in the United States. That this is a conservative estimate may be realized when one reads that the gross revenues (covering station time and transmission charges only) received by the National Broadcasting Company in 1930 totalled \$22,000,000 while the cost of talent provided by the various sponsors on N.B.C. network amounted to at least \$8,000,000. If the advocates of Government monopoly of radio broadcasting in Canada hope to monopolize the attention of Canadian radio listeners, they will have to secure a much larger subsidy for talent than is allowed for in the recommendations of the Aird Commission. The seven high-power stations which were proposed by this Commission would become

worse than a nuisance if they were to drown out with inferior talent some of the excellent programmes originating in the United States which we at present enjoy. A generous estimate of the cost of talent in North America that would be required for programmes equivalent to those of the B.B.C. would be \$2,000,000. It is because the half million Canadian radio fans have access to over \$20,000,000 worth of entertainment that the Canadian radio business has been fairly prosperous in a period of general financial depression.

Under private ownership radio entertainment is governed by the rules of demand and supply. The objective of the programme sponsor is to gain the goodwill of the unseen audience. Different types of programme are created by the realization of sponsors that it is impossible to please every one with one type of programme and that therefore it is advisable to please a specific type of audience with a specific type of programme. Competition on this Continent has resulted in providing a great variety of programmes, far greater than is available through the B.B.C. or Continental European systems, and from the nature of things better adapted to North American mentality. In North America most of the newspapers and magazines are purchased for the advertisements as much as for the editorial contents, indeed the majority of readers (namely the women) read little else in a newspaper than the department store advertisements and the personal advertising printed as editorial matter in the social columns. The majority of the men on this continent are absorbed in business and find much to interest them in the advertising pages. One cannot seriously believe that many of the current popular magazines are bought for their editorial contents. When, therefore, anyone on this side of the Atlantic sets out to eliminate advertising from the air, he would deprive more than half the population of what they want, so as to provide intellectual solace for few.

The radio situation is parallel to that of newspaper and magazine publication. There are certain people who would like to eliminate the advertising columns, or as a concession would permit a bare announcement of the names of firms on the cover pages or at the end of the publication. There are publishers, on the other hand, who realise that the advertiser likes to see his message next to or facing reading matter, and arranges his layout accordingly. The publishers of, let us say, *Toronto Saturday Night*, might be able to carry on financially if they accepted a Government subsidy instead of advertising, but whether this would please the subscribers is another matter.

The danger of Government monopoly is the temptation it provides for political patronage. Take for instance the question of symphony orchestras. The B.B.C. can manage to do with one such orchestra because London is so pre-eminent as the Capital City that the provincial cities recognise it as the musical centre of England. But if we had Government monopoly in Canada, imagine the wires that would be pulled to support symphony orchestras in the larger political centres! For a symphony means the employment of sixty to eighty musicians (with votes). And so on in smaller quantities all along the line. The number of politicians who have musical relatives is surprising. Many of the legitimate artists would

be pushed out by these relatives, willing to accept any kind of a fee, and we would very soon see an increase in the migration of the better Canadian musical talent to the United States.

I am ready to admit that some of the direct advertising permitted, particularly on the smaller local stations, is offensive, but with the modern selective radio set one can always turn the dial and get another station, just as in a newspaper or magazine one can turn the page. The sponsor of a radio programme which does not please the listener cuts his own throat, and the radio advertiser soon finds out the mistake of being too blatant. In the United States the programmes on the two networks of the N.B.C. and the Columbia are steadily improving in this respect, with the result that the sponsors who use the networks are getting attention from the radio listeners which they are quick to appreciate.

It is also true that Western Canada and the Maritimes enjoy a smaller percentage of good Canadian programmes than Ontario and Quebec, due to the cost of transmission of network programmes over territories less closely populated. Both Toronto and Montreal have stations linked up with N.B.C. and Columbia networks carrying good programmes, and the sustaining programmes provided by the stations themselves or by local hotel orchestras are of the quality one can expect in such cosmopolitan cities. One can understand why the West and the Maritimes should put up a demand for better radio programmes. In the West the situation is accentuated by a superfluity of small stations which split up the available wave lengths. The steady growth in the number of transcontinental broadcasts, due to the increased adoption of radio by national advertisers, is improving this situation so far as programmes are concerned, but a re-alignment of wave lengths and stations is badly needed.

The most practical proposal so far suggested is that of R. W. Ashcroft, of the Trans-Canada Broadcasting Company, who recommends the re-alignment of wave lengths so as to provide facilities for two Canadian broadcasting networks from Coast to Coast, thus giving the listener at any point between Halifax and Victoria the option of listening in to either of

two Canadian programmes, the one network to be purely privately owned and operated, the other to have Government support. The privately owned network would probably carry, for the most part, sponsored programmes with a reasonable proportion of commercial propaganda. The Government network would carry the educational and 'uplift' programmes for which the Canadian Radio League is crying. My own conviction is that this other network would certainly need a subsidy, as it would receive only about ten per cent. of the listeners reached by the sponsored programmes. But it would satisfy those who like to be uplifted, and who are determined to secure this spiritual entertainment at the expense of the taxpayers.

If this spiritual entertainment is to be educational in character, the question arises whether the Federal Government can contribute the cost, since under the British North America Act education comes under the jurisdiction of the Provinces. The Provincial Governments, however, in some cases at least, appear to be interested in radio broadcasting, and with a little perseverance something may be accomplished.

P.S. Since writing this article, I have received a copy of *The Radio Times* for January 30th, in which Miss Ursula Greville, the brilliant Editor of *The Sackbut*, voices the disquietude felt by the professional English musician in the face of Government monopoly. Among other things she says:

There are far too many three guinea artists employed by the B.B.C., and each of these gets far too few engagements. They can only make their living by other work of some sort, and the easiest thing is to set about training other potential three guinea artists.... We shall all gradually drop to the three-guineas-once-a-month-standard.

In a leading article which comments on Miss Greville's criticisms we read the following admission of the hopelessness of the situation in this Government-monopolistic paradise:

Until a new set of circumstances arises, the majority of artists can only hope to find in broadcasting an added source of income; for only a very few can it provide a living wage.

[Another view of the Radio situation will be presented in the April number of THE CANADIAN FORUM.—Ed.]

MEXICAN ART TODAY

BY JEAN CHAUVIN

AFTER I had seen, at the Art Centre of New York, cartridge-boards swollen with his drawings, and had gone on a pilgrimage to his frescoes, at Mexico, Chapingo, and Cuernavaca, nothing could have prevented me,—neither the high walls, the bolted doors, the grated windows, nor the dogs—from visiting Diego Rivera. In his charming and so authentically Mexican house at Coyoacan, which owes nothing to European architecture or decoration, Rivera and his fellow painter Carlos Merida inquired with sincere sympathy about the arts of Canada and asked me, with an amiable insistence, to convey to their Canadian comrades the salutations of the Mexican fraternity, that I couldn't withstand the temptation, in order to deliver their message, to write something

on the Mexican painting of today.

Our country is closely connected to Mexico by the ties of trade and industry and known there through a large number of Canadian financial institutions. But the intellectual exchanges are so far nonexistent. The language of painting being international, why not communicate with the Mexican painters, with the ones associated in the modern movement, those who awoke from its lethargy the consciousness of their people? At a time when our painting, now emancipated, endeavours by all means to be truly Canadian, to study this art is to realize how the most artistic people of America have discovered the expression and form of art most suitable to their temperament, as well as to appreciate the kinship that may exist between their

contemporary art and ours.

The modern American painters, already so influenced by the French technique, do not fail to profit by the new Mexican art movement. The latter, for instance, have diffused in the United States the taste for mural painting. Better still, José Clemente Orozco and Thomas Hart Benton are working together in the new School for Social Research, at Boston. On the other hand, one must admit that the Mexicans owe much to their powerful neighbours in the matter of artistic stimulation. The Mexican exhibition now on view in the United States has been arranged by the Carnegie Institute and the American Federation of Arts. We also find in New York the Paine Mexican Arts Corporation. A phalanx of first rate American writers and art critics, such as Charles Macomb Flandrau, Anita Brenner, Carleton Beals, Frances Toor, are so smitten with Mexico that they support it against their own countrymen. Moreover, the publication of some of the outstanding Mexican art magazines is financed with American money. Orozco is working in Boston, Rivera in San Francisco, Covarrubias, Jean Charlot and a few others are frequent contributors to American magazines.

* * *

Everybody knows that the Mexican Renaissance is explained by a clever use of the teachings gathered in Europe and chiefly by a return to native values. The simplified and abstract character of Mexican painting, for instance, is inspired by the Mayas and the Europeans as well. For, unlike us, the Mexican artists have received from the ancestors of their own land an artistic inheritance exceedingly rich. The Indian artisans of the past, in the time of the Zapotecs, Mayas, Toltecs, and Aztecs; those who, during the colonial period, executed these votive paintings, called *retablos*, and considered by Rivera as the true pictorial expression of the Mexican people; the peasant craftsmen of all times, occupied in the making of pottery, embroideries, glass, leather work, toys, etc., all these artists, in a sense, foretell the masters of today, Orozco, Diego Rivera, Siqueiros, Goitia, Guerrero, Carlos Merida, Jean Charlot, and Tamayo; the pupils of the Open-Air Schools of Painting and even the authors of the naïve and charming decorations of the *pulquerias*, or drinking-shops.

So much for hereditary influence. Now for the encouragement and support given to art by the government and by individuals. From the year 1921, José Vasconcelos being minister of Education, the Mexican government patronizes officially the revolutionist painters and grants them the walls of all the public buildings. The frescoes of the National Preparatory School, Secretariat of Education, National Palace, Agricultural School of Chapingo, and the University of Jalisco, date from that time. These murals were executed for the aesthetic, social, and political education of the people. They tell their sufferings and endeavours towards the attainment of liberty. They are the paraphrase of Zapata's motto: *Tierra y Libertad*. Before them, as before icons, ten millions of *peones* take off their sombreros, to the great horror of gentry and clergy.

All the great modernist painters of Mexico, with the exception of one or two, have studied in Europe (France, Italy, and Spain), thanks to the scholarships granted them by the government since the 1910 Rev-

olution. Drawing, painting, and carving are taught in every school. In Mexico, as a matter of fact, every science may be taught through drawing, for we can say that even the illiterate Indians understand the plastic writing, which appeals to their instinctive fondness for beauty.

The Open-Air Schools of Painting, founded in 1913, and since then supported by the National Academy, are attended by hundreds of very young pupils who work there as they like, in absolute freedom, with materials supplied by the government and without being influenced by the teaching or even the sight of their masters' works. Those schools are so successful that the spontaneous achievements of the students are to be found in the museums of Europe.

Besides, the government recognized the Syndicate of Painters and Sculptors, dispersed recently, which grouped together the revolutionary artists of the Republic, anxious to counteract the influence of the two other schools, that of the old academy and of the impressionists, and to spread among the masses the ideas of the Revolution. The fellow-members of this Syndicate agreed to work for the glory of their country at mere labourer's wages. Diego Rivera, still faithful to the rules of the past Syndicate, has just decorated with frescoes the loggia of the Palace of Cortez, at Cuernavaca, working for a few pesos a day, exactly five dollars of our currency.

At their service the Mexican artists also find at least three magazines entirely devoted to art: *Nuestra Ciudad*, published by the government; *Vida Mexicana* and *Mexican Folk Ways*, the two latter written in both Spanish and English languages. Very obligingly our periodicals harbour art critics but we are still waiting for the 100% Canadian art magazine, either English or French, or bilingual.

Generally speaking the amateurs and private collectors, like ours in Canada, still give their moral and substantial support, not to the official painting (the official painting in Mexico being, extraordinary as it may seem, the most audacious), but to the conservative. No modern painter, in Mexico, could live by the encouragement of the Mexican collectors. But fortunately their works are in big demand in New York and Paris. It is the same thing here. Our most interesting painters may rely on the National Gallery and a few others, but very little on the art dealers and collectors who are still fond of French sheep or Dutch windmills. In September last, Alfredo Barron, a Mexican painter of the kind irreverently called *pompier*, had a one-man show in a very smart gallery of the capital. The paintings that were sold had, at the lower right corner, the visiting cards of well known people of Mexico. Instead of our anonymous red stars, we should adopt here, and this for various reasons, this system of identification.

* * *

The Mexican painters of today have been active fighters in the revolution created by the triumvirate of soldiers, workmen, and peasants. (Narrating the adventurous life of the good giant Rivera, Anita Brenner writes in *Idols behind Altars*: 'Fra Angelico knelt to paint Christ and Diego Rivera painted Zapata with a pistol in his belt'.) Their murals are, after their own likeness, revolutionary. Most of the signatures are even followed by the Hammer and Sickle. And this painting in fresco (with the exception of the

representation of songs, dances, and crafts) is essentially historical. In rejuvenating it, the Mexican teach us that good painters, sincerely fond of their country, may indulge in historical painting without falling into vulgarity.

Another characteristic of Mexican murals is their extreme violence, tempered, it is true, by a popular form of Mexican humour, the disrespectful crack of laughter called the *vacilada*, without which they would be in danger of becoming declamatory, in spite of their sure grandeur.

The Mexican painters repudiate art for art's sake for the benefit of an art for the people... the easel painting for the monumental art ... the canvas for

the walls. Our painters lack such large surfaces. Edwin H. Holgate, Jeffreys, and some others, turned to best account the very few walls intrusted to their care. But what splendid murals these painters and Harris, Lismer, Jackson, could paint if only they were asked to decorate our hotels, stations, schools, and public buildings!

As in Soviet Russia, the Mexican mural painting is collective. Finally, it is decorative. Since Gauguin, whose influence is not without importance in Mexico, a tendency towards decoration is noticeable everywhere in painting. Essentially decorative also are the works of our modern painters. In that way, at least technically, our painting and theirs meet each other half-way.

THE DRESS

BY MARCUS ADENEY

TWO worlds. . . and was either of them worth the struggle?

A creaky back door, that rubbed a little at the top, was the exact point of transition. There, Leonard's consciousness, returning from the day's musical preoccupations, but not yet relaxed, would suddenly flare up—to pass summary, irritable judgments on all the circumstances of his life. Once inside the warm, bright kitchen, with only the furnace to tend, the cat to put out, the alarm-clock to wind up and set, he would forget the long strain—of teaching, of cheap but exacting radio performances, of rushing about town in a just-too-comfortable motor car. Only at the door, where the world of conflict met the world of elaborate recompense, he would be apt furiously to doubt. Then would come that yearning for which South Sea Isles, palm leaves, and bananas furnish convenient symbols.

Lois would be in bed, probably asleep. And no wonder. What woman with a baby clamouring for a bottle at six o'clock each morning, wants to celebrate with a worn-out husband at midnight? Leonard looked wistfully at the glass doors of the kitchen cabinet. Good things were there to eat if he cared for a lonely supper . . . a lonely supper and a headache in the morning. Mechanically he put out the cat, tended the furnace, wound up the alarm-clock. So much business! Then in the bathroom, washing, cleaning teeth, putting ointment on that sore spot—more business!

Lois heard him of course.

'Tired, little boy?' she asked, as he scrambled into bed, feeling as though each muscular movement were certain to be his last.

'Very,' he replied, poignantly sorry for himself. She put a maternal arm about him, kissing the back of his neck.

'Don't bother about anything. Just go to sleep.'

Leonard's every breath was a sigh. A pity about everything, but so comfortable here. . . .

'Len. . . Charlie Bindle phoned tonight.'

'What's he want?'

'Us to go there Saturday night. I said you'd let him know.'

'Wish I could stay home just one night.'

'You can, darling. Phone in the morning and tell

him you're busy.' Silence. 'Probably a lot of interesting people will be there.'

Leonard, now a little rested, turned his head irritably. 'What do you want to go for, anyway? You never met the Bindles.'

'I don't really care, but you always say you ought to meet people.'

'All right.' Leonard hates to be unreasonable. 'When is it?'

'A week from Saturday.'

'Far enough away. We'll fix it.'

A squeeze as recompense. Leonard wished he could feel more romantic, but he was tired. . .

The worst of fixing things is that sooner or later they have to be acted upon, and Saturday was one of Len's busy days. He was teaching music to a lot of school kids until five in the afternoon and hadn't slept much on Friday night. Driving home through a snow-flurry with ice under the wheels he fell into one of his darkest moods of self-pity. Why in thunder had he sacrificed this one free night anyway? His health was bound to break down if things went on like this much longer. Charlie Bindle would give him whiskey—he couldn't refuse it and keep awake—then, in the morning, more fatigue. Some things Lois didn't realize at all—pushing him into social engagements when he was already up to his ears in necessary work.

All the way home his sense of outrage persisted and grew. It took secondary forms as when a machine cut in suddenly and flipped his bumper. For a mile he expressed himself on the subject of fool drivers.

Lois was waiting for him, a deliciously steaming supper ready to serve. As he opened the kitchen door she whisked off an apron and stood quite still in the middle of the room, her eyes shining. Len had never seen her look more girlish or more beautiful.

'Do you like it?' she asked excitedly. Then he noticed the dress, a well-hung affair of heavy green silk. And of course she had done something to her hair.

'Wonderful!' he assented, self-pity and irritation knocked clean out of him by surprise. 'Where did you get it?'

'I have been making it for a week. Must have

new clothes some time, you know, and we're not rich.'

Leonard was proud and happy. Something of that happiness and pride lasted all through supper. Then he remembered that he didn't want to go to Charlie Bindle's, had never wanted to go, would drink whiskey if he went, and suffer from over-fatigue afterwards. But how to back out now he couldn't imagine.

'Aren't you happy, darling?' asked Lois brightly, as he came upstairs to dress. 'Don't you love me in my new gown?'

Leonard smiled in a sickly way. My God! Was this how a man got rewarded for all his efforts—first to play-act in his own home, then to spend an evening talking blah to strangers just because his wife wanted to show off some new clothes?

'Len. . . Is your nose getting sore again?' The question affected his nerves like an explosion.

'It feels a little hot,' he muttered, bringing his face close to the glass.

'Looks as though it were going to be a boil.' Lois smiled gloriously. 'Wouldn't that be awful!'

'Perhaps I oughtn't to go to-night with a bulb like that.' Leonard felt that he was clutching at a straw.

'We couldn't very well call it off now,' she said, with a kindly but almost judicial air. 'Unless, of course, you feel really sick.'

Leonard didn't; he was just miserable; so they went ahead with their preparations. Junior had to be taken round to Mrs. Smith, there was that old furnace to be looked at, finally lights to be turned out, doors locked, rugs to be arranged in the motor, the engine started from cold. Towards the last Lois had grown silent in response to Len's silence (that's the worst of a happy marriage, he thought, you never can keep a feeling to yourself). Now, just as he was beginning to use the choke to good advantage, she spoke curtly; 'If you don't want to go, say so. It doesn't matter to me whether we stay home or not, but I can't stand sulking husbands.'

Leonard's brain did not respond; only his nerves tingled, rather pleasurably. He liked his wife's occasional outbursts of temper. Not only had they a certain dramatic interest but they cleared the air marvellously. This time, however, he didn't want the air cleared. He wanted to punish Lois for his present discomfort; moreover, he was curious to see how far her temper would go. So, without replying by so much as a look or gesture, he backed the car down their small drive and, with a pleasantly adventurous feeling, started for the Bindle's.

'Is there anything really wrong with you?'

Leonard, who had been dreaming for the last mile, looked startled for a moment, then sighed. That sigh, as he soon realized, constituted a bad break.

'You're nothing but a sulky, spoiled little boy, and if there's anything I hate its a sulker. I'll never go anywhere with you again.'

Leonard, now distinctly hurt, snuggled down in his greatcoat, thinking to himself: 'Pretty tall statement, that!'

'You'll see. Next time you want to go somewhere you can go by yourself. . . (silence) . . . and next time I'm invited out I'll not ask you to come along.'

This was quite thrilling. Leonard, to cover up his wounds, tried to imagine an actual scene: Lois, at the phone, saying: 'Yes, I'd be delighted, but Len can't come; he's busy on Saturday nights.' Or him-

self: 'Sure, Jack, we'd be glad to, but my wife's got a date Saturday. Don't mind if I'm alone, do you?' His cheerful reflections were broken in upon by a furious question; 'Are you going to turn back or not?'

'No.' Leonard enjoyed the flatness of his reply. There was something pleasingly final about it. He stopped thinking and looked round at his wife. 'Storm's over,' he concluded, and was sorry about it all. Having maintained his self-respect he could afford to be generous.

It was a ten mile drive to the Bindles'. On the way they passed through several large suburbs. All the world seemed to be walking on the streets, or trying to park motor cars, or streaming in and out of brightly lighted doorways. There was an exhilaration about being one of the throng, driving a sleek motor car among so many sleek motors, sharing the prosperous, almost festive air of a Saturday night. The prospect of having his bulbous nose introduced to uninteresting strangers at a large party only sharpened Leonard's immediate pleasure. With an unsympathetic wife beside him and the expectation of dismal hours to come, he found it quite easy to sentimentalize over humanity at large. He would like to go among them, arms outspread with a Whitmanesque assurance, fusing with the power of his love all human beings, all lights and colours, all beautiful machines.

. . . 'Every city, in every part of the civilized world, has its little communities,' he said poetically to the ominous stillness beside him, 'and every community sparkles on a Saturday night. . . Even the poorest parts of London. . . Gas flares.' All this should go on indefinitely—gliding movement, brightness, people, and in himself a beautiful, romantic loneliness.

Abruptly the dream ended. The car turned easily into a wide, dark avenue, and almost at once they were at Bindles'. It was a big place in its own grounds, with low, many-paned windows through which shone golden light. Leonard rang the bell wonderingly.

'I didn't know Charlie's wife had so much money,' he said, bleakly realistic.

Mrs. Bindle answered the door.

'Charlie!' she called, as soon as they were inside; and Charlie, a little vague and warm, but very hospitable, took charge of his friend.

'You look sick,' he said, when they were alone together, 'How about a little something to cheer you up?'

'Not a bad idea at all,' said Leonard, 'Is it very noticeable—the nose?'

'O! It might be worse. Here, have some of this and forget about it.'

In the big drawing-room (low-ceilinged with an inglenook and heavy stone fireplace) there were about fifteen people; some of these Leonard knew and some he didn't. To each he carried his flaming disfigurement, shook hands and tried to say something pleasant. When it was over Charlie gave him more whiskey in a big glass and allowed him to sit in a corner by himself. Time, as it passed, brought first consolation then waves of pleasantness. 'Holy Smoke!' thought Leonard, now quite unembarrassed, 'These people will say I'm a pig, coming here with a beacon for a nose and immediately getting drunk on whiskey.' But he didn't get drunk. Charlie's hospitality wouldn't reach that far.

Presently Mrs. Bindle came in with Lois, who,

smiling and a little shy, looked gorgeous in her heavy green silk, and radiant as a bride. Leonard watched the introductory proceedings with a proud, possessive smile. Lois certainly looked the part. He sipped his whiskey, pleasantly conscious of her grace and charm, her slight, engaging childishness. An unsophisticated woman with plenty of knowledge about real things. Suddenly she caught his eye and smiled gloriously. So it was all over, then, the family war; they would go home together and be happy ever after. Meanwhile, of course, there was the long evening to be got through. His glass was empty.

Four young musicians played string quartets very well. Leonard's approval was desired. It pleased him to be critically appreciative. While he was talking Lois came over and linked her arm in his. She did not go away after that, but sat close beside him in her beautiful heavy, green silk, sweet and girlish and loving. Leonard almost forgot about his nose. He had a little more whiskey, talking freely to a lot of people, consumed caviar and a delicious salad; then, just as the funny stories began, slipped away with Lois, rather guiltily, into the cold night.

'Well,' she said, 'It wasn't so bad after all.'

'Quite pleasant, in fact,' he agreed, 'and you're going to be nice to me again?'

'I'm always nice to you.' Lois, having appropriated three-quarters of the motor-rug, snuggled as close to him as the gear lever permitted.

'After jumping on me the way you did tonight?'

'You were mean to me.'

'I certainly was not. I was only unhappy because of my nose.'

And so it went on, a conversation of no interest to anyone but themselves. Then life crowded so many things upon Leonard and Lois that they almost forgot about Charlie Bindle's party and the big quarrel. Indeed, nothing more would have been thought (or written) about these things had not Leonard idly asked one day; 'Why were you suddenly so sweet to me at Bindle's that night? I did nothing to deserve it.'

Lois looked up brightly. 'Because my dress really was more beautiful than anyone else's there.' And Leonard, gazing into her large, clear eyes, found them wholly innocent.

AMOR POETAE

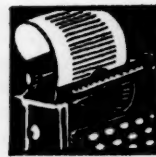
He carves his lady's charms, indeed,
In fond and rather decent rhyme,
Where they will stand for All of Time
(Or all of Time that cares to read).

The stars, the heavens, the dark, the dawn,
He calls to view the graces dear
Of her alone, when she is near.....
And of the nearest, when she's gone;

For here's the rock where ladies' plans
Capsize, with pilots sorely vexed—
One love's romantic as the next,
And any name will do that scans:

And all for which he really longs
Is a fit target for his songs.

JOSEPH SCHULL.



THE NEW WRITERS

XV.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON

THAT Henry Handel Richardson is really a new writer is nothing to the credit of the reading public. Her first book was published more than twenty years ago, and was followed at intervals by four novels, the last of which *Ultima Thule*, appeared in 1929. And it is from that year that her fame dates. Canadians need not be particularly ashamed of not having discovered her sooner, since most Australians seem to have been equally unfamiliar with the accomplishments of this amazingly able antipodean authoress. Winning no prizes and but scant recognition, praised by discriminating critics but ignored by the public, she has laboured unceasingly, disappointed but not discouraged, with a singleness of purpose and a devotion to an artistic ideal that only the consciousness of her own genius could have made possible. At last she has come into her own. *Ultima Thule* having become a best seller, the publishers were not slow to satisfy the demand for reprints and never have the early works of any successful novelist needed fewer apologies. Henry Handel Richardson had no nonage.

Miss Richardson, as we will agree to call her, has fortunately never had to consider making a living. Born in Melbourne of English parents, she attended the Presbyterian Ladies' College there; her second novel, *The Getting of Wisdom*, is the story of a sensitive and imaginative child exposed to the atmosphere of a high-class girls' boarding school, not at all the ordinary *backfisch* novel, but slight in comparison with her other works. Having shown an exceptional talent for music, she was sent to Leipzig to study piano, but after three years there she gave up the idea of music as a career and decided to devote herself to writing.

There have been few first novels more assured, sophisticated, and mature than *Maurice Guest*. Republished after more than twenty years, it bears comparison with the author's later works and with the works of most of the other authors who have been producing novels during the eventful years which have intervened since its first appearance in 1908. The very fact that it seems so modern to-day is perhaps partly the reason for its long neglect. In spite of a favourable press and lively recognition from critics of the stamp of Masefield, it received little attention from the public. One critic was inclined to rank it 'not far below the Franch School'; it was, perhaps too 'continental' to be well received by the Edwardian England and the mid-Victorian America of that date. The reviewers who complained in England that 'some scenes are unnecessarily repulsive' and in America that 'its realism is not only disagreeably but unnecessarily coarse' expressed more nearly the feelings of the average reader than a Masefield or a Van Vechten.

Maurice Guest is a novel of erotic passion from beginning to end. The hero, an amiable, talented English youth breaks away from an unsympathetic



A MARCH WINDOW
By Carl Schaeffer

home environment to study music in Leipzig. If he had met only Madeleine, his cool, clear-headed countrywoman, he might have become a successful and respectable music-teacher in England or one of the colonies. Instead he is irresistibly attracted by the purely physical charms of the exotic and sensual Louise Dufrayer, and his love for her destroys his career and finally ends in suicide. Louise is a wealthy Australian, an intelligent but indifferent student, completely dominated by her passion for the violinist Schilsky. The drawing of Louise is so masterly that she takes her place among the great *femmes passionnées* of fiction. She has been compared to Emma Bovary and to Anna Karenina, but there is perhaps a closer resemblance to Marie Grubbe than to either of these; for the 'modern Danish poet who died young,' whose work is the bible of the perverse and enigmatical Krafft, has undoubtedly had a strong fascination for Henry Handel Richardson. Like Marie Grubbe, Louise loved the man who dominated, despised, and even abused her. 'Believe me,' Krafft says, 'women are all alike made to be trodden on. Ill-usage brings out their good points—just as kneading makes dough light. Let them alone or pamper them, and they spread like a weed and choke you.' It is not to be wondered at that the reviewers failed to penetrate the disguise of the pseudonym; even if they had suspected an authoress from the intimacy with which Louise is portrayed, such patently masculine writing as the scene in Schilsky's bedroom where the three friends discuss Louise, the violent *Kneipe* scene in the dingy cafe, and Maurice's dismal awakening in the *Strassenmädchen's* room after his final break with Louise must have reassured them.

George Sand's novels frequently suffered from what she calls her '*infirmitté ordinaire: l'absence de plan*'. This is the last fault from which anything that Miss Richardson writes is likely to suffer. We know that she had been contemplating a novel about Australia for some time when she finally returned home in 1912 to gather material. How complete the plan of the trilogy must have been in her mind even then is seen by the fact that she was able to visit all the places used in the three volumes. She read up carefully on the gold rush to Ballarat and after two years in Australia, returned to London and settled down with the unhurried deliberation which is apparent even in her style, to the composition of her great saga of Australian life.

It has been said of *Australia Felix*, originally published as *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony*, that no novel in Australian literature so cuttingly analyzes the society of that country. And certainly the colonial types with their loud vulgarity and crude materialism are pitilessly presented. Her criticism of English society in *The Way Home* is, however, no less penetrating and no less cutting. The revolting pettiness of Buddicombe, where Richard, bearing the stigma of having been in the colonies, attempts to build up a practice, is unfavourably contrasted with the broad tolerance and more real sense of values to be found among the nondescript inhabitants of Ballarat. Even the English countryside 'lovely as a garden, but with something of a garden's limitations' is disappointing to Richard after the magnificent prodigality of the Australian scene.

Criticism of society is, however, only incidental to Miss Richardson's purpose. The whole panorama of

Australian life is a background for the painting of the central figures, Richard Mahony and his wife, Mary. Richard's failure to adapt himself to life in the colony is caused by defects in his own character for which neither he nor the rough pioneer society is to blame. He is obviously a misfit in Australia; it is not certain that his individualistic temper could have adapted itself to any society. Richard is a type of the unheroic hero, a lineal descendant, perhaps, of Oblomov; a psycho-pathic case, it may be objected, from the start. The seeds of trouble—his restlessness, 'black Irish pride', and hyper-sensitiveness—are all present in his character in the first volume, where as a young doctor of aristocratic birth and inclinations, he is rescued from keeping a general store for miners and launched into what rapidly becomes the best practice in Ballarat by a characteristically impulsive marriage with an English girl several years his junior and almost his exact opposite in every way. For a time Mary is successful in her struggle with the demons which possess Richard, and for a few years he is as nearly happy as his discontented nature could ever allow him to be, but when the sudden loss of his fortune makes it necessary for him to resume the practice of medicine, he is no longer equal to the task. *Ultima Thule* is the painful but inevitable story of his failure.

As Richard's weakness increases so does Mary's strength. Less gifted intellectually and artistically, she is more intelligent and less credulous. Richard is egotistical, introspective, proud, obstinate, flighty, impatient, extravagant, intolerant, and unpractical. Mary is just the reverse of all these things. 'No hypercritical brooding over man's relation to God, or God's to the world, had ever robbed her of an hour's sleep.' She is naturally democratic and accepts people as she finds them. Even when Richard plunges them into irretrievable ruin, Mary's loyalty never wavers, and when, to keep a roof over their heads, she is forced to become post-mistress in a remote village, no word of reproach crosses her lips. Her struggle to get the broken Richard away from the asylum where he is not well-treated is touching beyond words. Mary's character is cast in heroic mould.

The relentless chronicle of the disintegration of Richard's mind is at times almost intolerable. Only the deep feeling of compassion which suffuses the whole narrative sustains us to the end. The author has seldom either praise or blame for her characters, but she has always sympathetic understanding. Irritating as many of Richard's actions are, the further his character is revealed the less inclined we are to condemn him. The dispassionate analysis and logical development of his character gives the trilogy the inevitability of great tragedy with a cumulative effect of detail not possible within the compass of a play.

The numerous subsidiary characters are equally alive and almost equally interesting, though Miss Richardson's characterizations of men are not very flattering to the sex. Richard, in spite of his many fine qualities, his Brand-like devotion to duty, his transparent honesty, and his incapability of meanness of any sort, is a fool. So in one way or another are her other men. Men being what they are, marriage is nevertheless not to be despised. When Richard remarked that he was afraid that Mary's sister, the coquettish and elderly virgin Zara, was taking the phthisic evangelist just to be married.

Mary had a glimpse into depths that were closed to her menkind. Just to be married! It meant that solace of the woman who was getting on in years—the plain gold band on the ring finger. It meant no longer being shut out from the great Society of Matrons; no longer needing to look the other way were certain subjects alluded to; or pretending not to notice the nods and winks, the silently mouthed words that went on behind your back. It was all very well when you were young; when your very youth and innocence made up for it: as you grew older, it turned to a downright mortification—like that of going in to dinner after the bride of eighteen.

In spite of her sense of humour, Miss Richardson's view of life is too sombre to recommend her to the tired business man who has no time, especially now, to read about failures—except his friends'. She will be found morbid, depressing and even vulgar in the incredibly lucrative field known to literary racketeers as the bible belt. The careful and slow building up of character will seem tedious to the pseudo-intellectuals. The author of *Maurice Guest* was surely on a fair way to the distinction of being banned in Boston, but the absence of any erotic element in the trilogy will probably prevent a very fine work of art from being brought to the notice of chaste or otherwise abnormal policemen. The sound and lasting qualities of Henry Handel Richardson's work have been pointed out by many discerning critics. It is pleasant to think that her fame has not come posthumously; it is safe to prophesy that it will endure.

J. B. C. WATKINS.

AND SPOIL THE CHILD

O CANADA, our home, our native land!
Beset with breathy bards on every hand,
We see thee rise, the true North free and strong;

But where the strength or freedom in thy song?
Ah *Pope*, thou shouldst be living at this time:
Learned and lewd alike we scribble rhyme.
And shall I listen only? Shall I not
Give back as ponderous verse as e'er I got?
I too have learn'd, as every school-child learns,
To censor *Shakespeare*, and admonish *Burns*;
Have markt where *Milton's* fire, and *Dryden's* paled,
Where *Chaucer* falter'd, and where *Shelley* failed.
Train'd thus in blasting giants, shall I then
Restrain my thunderbolts from fellow-men?
When six of every seven that one sees
Are drooling verse with self-applausive ease,
Such stuff as dribbles down the nerveless gum
Swimming the uppermost saliva-scum?
Not mine, alas, *Parnassus'* peak to scale;
But seeing Poesy's poor patient tail
Bedevill'd with so many a tweak and twist
'Tis difficult to be no satirist.

See first where gentle *Gallus* gushes forth
Hymning the happy Springtime of the North,
The sparkling drifts, or else the flaming trees,
In twenty thousand lines as like as peas.
How languidly the liquid lyrics loll
And dangle off into a dying fall,
As smooth as celluloid, or rayon silk,
As toothsome and sustaining as skim milk.
While *Swinburne*, tumbling with unquiet breast,
Mutters, 'I'm dead; for God's sake let me rest!'

Next, with a roll of never-muffled drums
The rattling chariot of *Furious* comes.
A Modern he, who brays a strident song
Like hoardings, vivid, and like garlic, strong:
Makes up in sputtering what he lacks in sense,
And to the nostril's, adds the ear's offence.
A gap-mouth'd mob, a vacant, shambling show,
The bawling lines in crutch'd procession go.
'Hold friend', we cry, 'this image seems untrue;
This meaningless.' '—What matter, sirs? 'Tis new.'
'When you have said all this, what is't you've said?'
'Faugh! You're a foggy, sir, a dunderhead!
These rules of art, these only, I confess:
'What's said is nothing, how 'tis said, is less.'
You seek for thought, or music; here you'll find
The green immediate froth skimm'd from the mind,
Pure raw material of sense-impression,
Dripping and drabbling in its own progression.
I scorn your standards, sir, I scorn your rules!
The sweetest praise is the disdain of fools.
When from this vast inflation shall there come
The long'd-for verbal moratorium?

See next, *Lycoris* brings a damp bouquet
Of pale emotions, bunch'd in neat array,
And misty meditations, maundering thin
'Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in'.
A mild dejection mates with milder rage,
And passion simpers on each pallid page:
While stern reflection hews from out the breast
What oft was thought, but ne'er so ill exprest.

But tremble, critic! See *Robustus* stand
A swinging ballad clutch'd in either hand.
This sturdy weapon of an elder time
Will rip detraction's ribs with rugged rhyme.
Yet tremble not: the jingling chain of sound
Most of its length, still drags along the ground.
The story sprawls and scrambles: when 'tis done
Fifty flat words usurp the place of one.

Humour! Dread Goddess! Most unpyting Muse!
Thee *Bufo* braves, and in no angel's shoes;
Seriously, well-meaningly designs
Uneasy arabesques of vapid lines,
Mocking the bellowings of thy boisterous cheeks,
Poor prattler, with such vague, pathetic squeaks—
Be gentle, *Humour*; merely at him laugh
And puff him from thee like a wisp of chaff,
Till in an inky ocean he shall drop
So small, so far, we shall not hear the plop.

In panegyric next *Pomposus* struts.
Fair Canada's his theme, from soup to nuts.
No alley-cat so well his back-yard knows
As we the Northern Lights, th'eternal snows,
The sombre forests, and the mountains grand,
The flashing streams, the golden farming land;
And still unask'd, unwearied bards rehearse
Unglorified topography in verse.
The open road, the tourist's out-of-doors,
Bewitch battalions of ebullient bores,
While Inspiration huddles in his shell,
And Truth still sulks, deep in her icy well.
O *Canada*, most patient of abstractions!
These pallid piles of verbal petrifications
Hide you from e'en your lovers' keenest sense.
Bring all your blizzards, quick, and blow them hence!
'But, but....' you say, 'But, but....' But me
no buts.

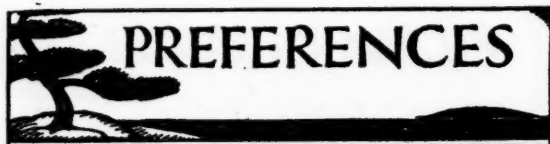
The one thing that our poets need is—guts.

One half their work is bilge; the rest is rot:
The limp expression of a flabby thought.
And yet one trick might teach some few t'excel:
Write half as much, and write it twice as well.
Write what you must; and if another's said it,
Withdraw: you might as well; he'll get the credit.
More sternly think, then write, and if in doubt,
Rewrite, rewrite again, then chuck it out.

Are there none righteous then? Yes, X and Y,
And sometimes Z, still wear their laurels high.
For these are flesh and blood, not skin and straw.
Is there one inch of all their skin flick'd raw
By the rude lash of this long-suffering tongue?
The gall'd jades wince: their withers are unprung.
If others *could*, why *don't* they do the same?
The Critic, Sir, the Critic, is to blame
Who with insulting clemency misuses
One rule for home, and one for foreign, muses.
Who'd face the labour of not being dull
When dullness is accounted wonderful?
Or who can value e'en deserved praise
When Harry, Dick, and Tom wear equal bays?
Yet most the bards the tender lesson teach,
And puff the swelling brain-pan, each for each:
We arch the back, and stroke and purr by turns,
While 'Hail, young Byron!' straight your '*Wordsworth!*' earns.

....Perchance some day a traveller shall pass
Where, stumbling idly through the weedy grass
A little dingy fallen stone he'll see,
And read, 'Here lies Canadian Poetry;
Died, in a Hospital for Paralytics,
Smother'd in kindness by complacent critics.'

L. A. M.



CRITICISM is a tonic,' says Mr. Herbert Read in his recent book on *Wordsworth* (Cape-Nelson) 'and no matter if it be harsh or temporal; its permanency is not in itself, but in the effect it produces.' This, I take it, is Mr. Read's apology for writing his book with undue haste or at least with insufficient deliberation. For how else could he make so untenable an assertion? He would only need to go one step further to arrive at the opinion that wrong criticism is as good as right, when surely the truth must be that criticism begins precisely in a desire to escape the harsh and the temporal and to arrive at some more permanent evaluations. Does Mr. Read wish us to understand that he has no intention of reaching or approaching any permanent values in his author and that he doesn't care, provided he rouses and stimulates? If this was his intention, he has succeeded. He has written a book on Wordsworth which is more than stimulating; it is provocative and questionable at every turn. I find it full of contradictions, it ties me in knots.

Mr. Read talks freely about the poetic life in general. Well and good, we can do with it. But

there is no more precarious field of discussion, no topic that so readily turns to woolliness. Whoever embarks on it should come to it with the combined scrupulousness of a saint and a scientist. Mr. Read, I am sure, knows this, but—I have suggested—he must have written in a hurry. Thus he says in one place: 'The personality of Virgil or of Lucretius, of Chaucer or of Dryden, even that of Milton, need not concern us because their poetry is happily free from it.' This is early in the book. But towards the end he says: 'In Chaucer and in Spenser, in Shakespeare and in Milton, wherever we are overwhelmed by the apocalyptic presence of beauty, we know that the mystery proceeds from a depth which is the intense emotional experience of a human being, and that the beauty of word and of thought is only there in virtue of this fund of personal feeling.' I suppose it is possible somehow to reconcile these two statements. There is nothing that cannot be reconciled if you work hard enough. But to me these two sentences are flatly contradictory and should not stand as affirmations in one and the same book by one and the same author.

In the biographical part I find the same confusion or lack of finish. Mr. Read begins by saying that Wordsworth is the type of poet whose works 'stand out in severe relief: no events explain them; they have no background, no graduations towards experience, no transitions to events.' Yet before the book is over Mr. Read has interpreted the works largely in terms of Annette Vallon—the cooling of Wordsworth's affection for Annette Vallon, he says, transferred itself to France and undermined his Republican sympathies. Now whatever truth there may be in the Annette theory there is no place for it in a book which—wrongly, I think—begins by drawing a sharp line between the life and the writings. Again, it seems to me, Mr. Read is contradicting himself; he states one thesis and then proves its opposite.

If Mr. Read were a critic of no account it would be easy to ignore him. But since he happens to be one of the few from whom constructive criticism of poetry can be looked for today, it is not easy to dismiss him. The less so, as he undoubtedly has something to say about Wordsworth and manages to get enough of it said to whet our appetite and to show what an important book on Wordsworth he might have written. His position seems to be this. He is in strong reaction against the age of Wordsworth and the teaching of Wordsworth, being a typical exponent of that anti-Romanticism so characteristic of the moment, yet for all his reaction he is as devoted to Wordsworth as ever. Thus he disregards and almost condemns the great consolatory messages which Mathew Arnold read in Wordsworth, yet he goes even further than Arnold himself in his ranking of Wordsworth, putting him, it would seem, second to Shakespeare. It is this modern position, this modern attempt to rescue Wordsworth in the very act of turning away from him, that makes Mr. Read's book so significant. In this light even his inconsistencies and his wrenched interpretations are not without their value. How far he goes in his determination to rescue the humanist in Wordsworth from the nature-philosopher in him is best shown by his treatment of the famous Tintern Abbey lines, which at the risk of boring an over-familiar reader of them I will quote once again:—

For I have learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half-create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

What does Mr. Read say of this passage? This is what he says. It is amazing. 'Let us recognise in the first place that it is no merely mystical emotionalism. . . . It is realistic. . . . It is not strictly pantheistic. . . . and though the same impulse animates all objects of all thoughts, the mind rises above the objects it contemplates, to the creation of a moral being, a soul. . . . this philosophy is humanistic.' Yet how could Wordsworth have gone further in the direction of a nature pantheism than to say that he was 'well pleased to recognize in nature and the language of the sense the anchor of his purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide, the guardian of his heart, and soul of all his moral being'? What is this strict pantheism that Wordsworth here falls short of and who are the exponents of it? I think I know where Mr. Read will find them. He will find them in lunatic asylums. In other words, there is no stricter pantheism compatible with the sane mind which knows a cabbage from a candlestick, so why drag in this false and impossible standard to distort Wordsworth?

The answer is that Mr. Read is determined to keep Wordsworth at all costs. His love of poetry is stronger than his logic and I hope it will remain so. I think I have said enough of this book to show how peculiarly symptomatic it is and how forcefully it reflects certain conflicting tendencies in the spiritual life of today.

INCONSTANT READER.



CONSERVATIVES, STATIC AND DYNAMIC

RETROSPECT, by Arthur James First Earl of Balfour (McClelland & Stewart; pp. vi, 245; \$3.50).

MY EARLY LIFE, by The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill (Nelson; pp. 392; \$4.50).

A YEAR that was notable for its crop of good autobiographies brought us two remarkable fragments at its close. They are as different as their authors but can be read together with advantage, for both Lord Balfour and Winston Churchill were born into that small circle that constituted the great world in the nineteenth century. Some of the most interesting pages of Lord Balfour's *Retrospect* are those describing his association, with Lord Randolph Churchill, whose career exerted so pervasive an influence over that of his son, and Churchill's book takes up the tale of great events at the point where Lord Balfour's was cut short by his failing health. Oddly enough there are many points of similarity in the Public School careers of the two. Balfour went to Eton, Churchill to Harrow; neither distinguished himself at games or at work; neither could master Latin or Greek, both got what real education they had from reading outside the curriculum, and both acknowledge an enormous debt to Macaulay, who was, in Balfour's happy phrase, 'a showman of supreme genius'. Both uphold the Public School system though Churchill was positively unhappy while there; as he puts it, 'I am all for the Public Schools but I do not want to go there again.'

With the termination of their school careers any similarity between the two ends. Churchill escaped through the Army Class to Sandhurst, India, and the rough world of action. Balfour passed to Cambridge, to the polite pleasures of the court tennis and chamber music, to investigations in the world of science and philosophy, and finally to politics where he became a mystery that was never cleared up. Churchill introduced himself to the world by his plain *Story of the Malakand Field Force*; Balfour by his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, which John Morley himself confided to him he could not understand a word of. But though the world never quite understood Balfour, he understood the world very well indeed; from the time his 'Uncle Robert' decided his career by offering him a seat in Parliament and a job as his private secretary, men became his books; and his reading of Gladstone, Lord Randolph, and Joe Chamberlain is most entertaining. Although his book includes some unrevised notes on his mission to Washington in 1917, the chronological record ends with July of the year '86, when with the defeat of Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule question a new Parliamentary era began. December of that year brought Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation which marked his political eclipse. 'Don't you want him back?' Lord Salisbury was asked later, and replied: 'When a man has got rid of a boil on his neck he doesn't want it back.' Winston Churchill grew



up in the nineties with the conviction that his father had been scurvily treated by his party, and he toughened himself against adversity. The Conservatives were to get rid of him more than once, but they always got him back again.

But this story of his early life has nothing to do with those later exchanges. He grew up in that gracious peaceful world that Lord Balfour adorned so charmingly just in time to hurl himself into the rush of events that came with the end of the century. It was a glorious age for a young soldier with opportunities, and Churchill made the most of his. He took advantage of his first army leave to see the war in Cuba. Back in England again he published his book on the Soudan campaign, stood unsuccessfully for Oldham, then sailed for South Africa with Sir Redvers Buller as correspondent for the *Morning Post*, which position he later combined enigmatically with that of an officer in Byng's Light Horse. The circumstances surrounding his capture by the Boers and his subsequent escape had made him a national hero, and when the decisive battles were over he wasted no time on guerilla warfare but sailed home and capitalized his fame by winning the seat he had unsuccessfully contested the year before and by making a lecture tour which gave him the sinews of political war. He was then twenty-six years old.

Mr. Churchill's flexible style enables him to communicate the thrill of every significant moment in this stirring chronicle, and when he has to describe a real show like Omdurman he can unroll the glittering pageant in noble prose and re-create a battle picture that he looks back upon with a wistful regret; 'War which used to be cruel and magnificent has now become cruel and squalid.' Democracy and Science have spoilt it completely. He is finished with it. There will never be another charge like that he made with the Lancers on the massed Dervishes at Omdurman: space forbids any adequate quotation of his story of that famous mêlée, but this is how it looked to an observer:—

A white gunboat seeing our first advance had hurried up the river in the hopes of being of assistance. From the crow's nest, its commander, Beatty, watched the whole event with breathless interest. Many years passed before I met this officer or knew that he witnessed our gallop. When we met, I was First Lord of the Admiralty and he the youngest Admiral in the Royal Navy. 'What did it look like?' I asked him. 'What was your prevailing impression?' 'It looked,' said Admiral Beatty, 'like plum duff: brown currants scattered about in a great deal of suet.'

Those who open Mr. Churchill's book with prejudice will be disarmed by its ironic humour and by the enjoyment with which he quotes the most savage critics of his 'medal-hunting' and 'self-advertising' activities. Still more does he relish quoting those critics of his opinions whom events proved in the wrong. When he cabled home from South Africa that the individual Boer was worth from three to five regular soldiers and that a quarter of a million men would be needed to beat him, the old colonels in London gnashed their teeth. A group of them cabled him: 'Best friends here hope you will not continue making further ass of yourself.' Later in the war, when he advocated a generous policy towards the Boers, he was considered to have neglected this advice. One way or another he was always in trouble, but on the whole he had

wonderful luck and we cannot begrudge him any of it, for his faults were not the mean ones. Underlying his bumptiousness there has always been a sensitivity to some fine things and a spring of generous impulses. His imagination gave him insight, and it is characteristic that his own experience as a prisoner in South Africa made him institute reforms years afterwards as Home Secretary which revolutionized and humanized the conditions in British prisons.

It is told of Lord Balfour that when his opinion was invited at a War Council where a grave decision had to be taken he dissected the problem with extraordinary clarity and presented the dangers attending each possible course of action with convincing logic. It was a masterly exposition. When he had done the Tiger growled: 'But are you for or are you against?' Churchill has never had to be asked that question. Reading this story of his early life one realizes that he is one of the most consistent men in British politics, for he has not changed a whit in the past quarter of a century. When he 'went over to the Radicals' it was to join Asquith, Grey, Morley, and Rosebery. When he went back to the Conservatives it was to join Baldwin and a party which had reached in twenty years the ground where the 'Radicals' camped when he joined them. If he lost the last dollar he possessed he would never join the Socialists. If revolution ever comes to England and the Men of Property make a last stand, Winston Churchill will die on their barricades whoever else may go over to the popular side. But he will die in their General's hat.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

THE 'BLOODY INTERNATIONAL'

THAT NEXT WAR, by K. A. Bratt (Allen and Unwin; pp. 280; 10/6).

THE wave of idealism which flooded the world twelve years ago, and made President Wilson, for a short moment, the idol of many nations, that idealism which meant to make our lands fit for heroes to live in, soon spent itself, as it was bound to do, being merely a violent and unstable reaction from four years of mental bestiality. Wilson was outwitted and outmanoeuvred by pre-war politicians who, after hastily plastering up the few minor cracks that the war may have made in the all-too-solid structure of their ready-made prejudices, continued the old game in the old way, and successfully. When the treaty of Versailles was signed, more intelligent observers either gave up hope, or were at least converted to 'the inevitability of gradualness.' Since then despair has spread, and even the masses, especially the unemployed 'heroes' among them, have realized that reconstruction—except for the actual rebuilding of the devastated areas, an obvious and imperative task—has achieved little or nothing. And the new generation growing up knows nothing of the bloody reality of past massacres, and it is taught, in Officers Training Corps, to wear uniform and be proud of it, while bellicose old men, most of whom have never been within twenty miles of any fighting front, tell them loudly not to read 'morbid' and 'indecent' warbooks, that war, forsooth, is not like that at all.

No wonder that the more thoughtful of the war generation (what is left of them) and those few who did not need experience to acquire their wisdom, are

feeling disillusioned, dazed, and angry. Yet it is upon them that must rest the main burden of the struggle against the forces that are once more leading the world to chaos and destruction, if indeed there be yet time. It is to them especially, and to the younger generation, that I would recommend a careful study of Major Bratt's excellent analysis of these forces. It is commonly thought that Western civilization could not withstand another onslaught. I believe this to be true of Europe at any rate, where a bigger and better war would, I think, establish dictatorships of the military caste, ruling over a rebellious mob of half-starved operatives and intellectuals, and where revolutions would then further destroy what little civilization was left.

Major Bratt draws a terrible but by no means exaggerated picture of the havoc that another war, when air-supremacy will be the main objective of general staffs, would certainly cause throughout the belligerent countries; but I confess I see a ray of hope in this. If our War-Cabinets and War-Lords were themselves in immediate danger of sudden extinction, it might well be that peace would not, next time, be so long delayed. The author's conception of nationalistic militarism as the direct result of Napoleon's career, is perhaps too flattering to that emperor, but there can be no doubt that this product of the nineteenth century is still speeding us on the way to annihilation, that Mussolini's sabre-rattling foreign policy, France's demand for security, and especially the appalling tangle in Central Europe with its repressed minorities are grave danger points; and that if the spirit of Locarno, never very flourishing, is not yet quite dead, this is largely due to the efforts of the British Labour Government, whose progressive foreign policy is the one heartening factor in the present confusion.

Far more sinister, however, than these obvious dangers, is Major Bratt's exposure of the underground manoeuvres of steel, oil, and war-chemical interests 'working' (as Viscount Cecil has lately said) in support of war as a laudable institution'. There is incontrovertible evidence that these international associations of capitalists are cynically exploiting the patriotism of the crowd, and that the Shearer case was only unique in the amount of publicity it received. This 'bloody international' undoubtedly exists, and it is proved that, in some countries at any rate, its directors contribute generously to the funds of patriotic organizations which make it their business to persuade their unsuspecting members of the necessity for big armaments.

Democracy is not, admittedly, a reliable upholder of peace, yet the author rightly points out that in fact dictatorial or reactionary governments are in power at the danger points, and that, clearly, if we wish to achieve peace, we must work for real democracy and not against it. Further, the most powerful lever for peace is at present to be found in the organized working classes of Western Europe, and especially of Great Britain.

I would, however, venture to disagree with Major Bratt in his summary dismissal of 'the pacifist illusion', and in his desire for a central army. He argues in effect that a whole people cannot be persuaded to pacifism, and that, if it could, this would mean the sacrifice of the most civilized nation. In the first place there is no need to persuade a whole people, for any government who knew that, on declaring war, it would have to imprison or execute most of its priests,



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writers, artists, and teachers, and even a few of its lawyers, instead of drawing its most successful recruiters from these ranks, would think not twice but many times before it ventured. Further there are peace parties in all civilized states, and clearly no state would be acting completely alone. As for the less civilized, and those of other races, it is we who have taught them how to fight scientifically. Let us first cease to draft into our armies men of every race and colour, and when they lose their able teachers in militarism, it may well be that the danger from them will become negligible.

Nor should we want to see a central European or World Army. The vision of Red-Tabs and Brass-Hats, and the spirit for which they stand, in undisputed command of even a continent's forces, is not one which will commend itself on reflection. It is a soldier's dream. Whatever armies there are, must remain national, though pledged to common international action. But to do away with war we need a new outlook and new methods, not the old ones at one remove. We must organize for peace, certainly, and employ our best intellects for that purpose. But there is also a place for the pure visionary pacifist gospel, for if pacifism is to hold the masses without whom it cannot flourish, it must ultimately be based on emotional, and not, alas, on intellectual values.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

A MANUAL FOR CANADIAN DIPLOMATS

GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD AND OTHER ADDRESSES IN THE UNITED STATES, by the Hon. Vincent Massey (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 362; \$2.50).

LORD Lyons, who was British ambassador at Washington during the Civil War, was wont to boast after his return to England that during all that trying period he never took a drink and never made a speech. The technique of diplomacy has changed since his day. And perhaps he never quite appreciated our North American methods of doing business. At any rate the representatives of English-speaking nations at Washington today must, if they are to be successful, be ambassadors to the American people and must establish contacts far beyond the limits of the Department of State and the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate. Especially does this obligation rest upon the Minister from Canada. For no other two peoples in the world see so much of one another in their business and social activities as do the citizens of Canada and the United States. The Canadian Minister, if he is to 'promote a disposition favourable to friendship and good neighbourhood', must make himself known to all classes and sections of the Republic.

Mr. Massey has set a high standard for his successors. He visited 32 of the 48 states and was a guest at 20 universities. He addressed audiences as diverse as the Pilgrims, the American Society of International Law, the Bond Club of New York, the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, the Anglers' Club of New York, the American Association of Railway Engineers, the American Institute of Steel Construction. The mere enumeration of these names in the table of contents is apt to make a sensitive person shudder. He begins to conjure up visions of solemn pomposity lightened by outbursts of Rotarian jocularity; and unconsciously he prepares to count the number of times that our three thousand miles of un-

defended frontier is mentioned. But there is nothing of that sort of thing in the book. The speeches are full of unpretentious common sense, and as the reader proceeds it gradually dawns on him that Mr. Massey has adopted the revolutionary plan of taking a single topic for each speech and sticking to it. Still more revolutionary, he has chosen topics on which he has something to say.

The best of the speeches—except the one to the Anglers on the similarities between diplomacy and fishing—are those delivered to University audiences. They are mostly on the old subject of a liberal education. It is to be doubted whether any speech or any paper on this subject has ever quite risen to the greatness of the occasion. There is nothing new to be said about it, and the test of any speaker's words must be whether they stimulate his hearers to think once more upon the old themes. One reader at least, who has been wasting a good deal of his time of late in ploughing through the observations of educational pundits on this topic, can bear witness that Mr. Massey's addresses when read in cold print answer that test more successfully than most of what he has read.

This book is a perfect guide for all our future diplomats who may have to make appearances in public and who are ambitious to steer between 'the Scylla of platitudes and the Charybdis of indiscretions'. In fact, if the Macmillan Company wish to make a real contribution towards raising the level of our Canadian civilization, they could not do better than to send complimentary copies of it to all our Big Bankers, Prominent Clergymen, and Heads of Department Stores who are in the habit of philosophising in public about nothing in particular.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

EDUCATING THE PARENT

THE MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG CHILDREN, by William E. Blatz and Helen Bott (McClelland and Stewart; pp. xii, 354; \$2.50.)

THIS admirable volume is intended primarily for parent education groups, but it will be at least as valuable for those who have the habit of continuing their education with a book over the fire at home.

Much that is written about child-training is too technical or too dogmatic to be acceptable or interesting to the general reader. But this book has neither of these defects; it is fundamental, philosophic and, in the best sense of the word, practical; and the reader who has said yes or no to its main contentions will have added something by no means inconsiderable to his fund of practical wisdom. The book gives evidence of a profound insight into the child's development during the early years. If we accept the truth of the picture which the authors give us of the child's needs and of the 'learning process' of these years, we shall be in a fair way to knowing where and how we ourselves should come in. Detailed problems of management sink into the general situation, and either answer themselves, or become ready to wait for an answer. It is the great merit of the book that it cannot be used as a rapid reference book in time of trouble. Perhaps the only mistake which the authors make is to suggest that each chapter can be taken as an independent unit, a suggestion which underestimates the value of their book. Its very length and oc-

casional repetitions are all in its favour, for it takes time to accept (or reject) a point of view, and unless the fundamental position of the authors is fully understood, the particular details of advice will carry little weight. Moreover unless we reach the point of knowing in general how we wish to stand in relation to our children, our habitual treatment of them is likely to be fussy, erratic, or nagging, and our habitual attitude to ourselves will certainly be worrying and self-reproachful.

The picture is convincing enough:—Children with everything to learn, parents whose main work it is (when the physical needs are provided for) to help on the learning process; children with urgent desires and restless activities, parents who can provide healthy satisfaction and direction. This is the outline, and the whole book is devoted to filling in the picture. It is not the parent's fault if the child is not perfect; it is his fault if the child has not a suitable learning environment, and if he is hindered or misled in the 'learning process'. Management is more often a case of cleaning, oiling, and arranging the environment (e.g. ourselves) than of checking or prodding the child.

Particularly happy are the paragraphs on the enrichment of experience through 'promotion in status' and 'festival'. Perhaps whole chapters might well take the place of paragraphs in the next edition of the book; and a third enrichment, 'looking out of the window', literally as well as figuratively, might be added to this section.

Finally the authors will win the hearty approval of all adolescents who glance at the last page: 'Children often turn out well despite all their parents do to them.'

MARGARET FAIRLEY.

ESTABLISHMENT IN IRELAND

THE REFORMATION IN IRELAND UNDER ELIZABETH, 1558-1580, by Miles V. Ronan (Longmans, Green & Co.; pp. xxxii, 678; \$7.00).

THE establishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth is one of the capital acts of Anglo-Irish history. It ranks in importance with the incomplete conquest of Henry II., the Union of 1800, or the recent creation of the Irish Free State. To a problem which, in its simplest form, demanded statesmanship of a very high order, it added an element which rendered the problem virtually insoluble. Whatever interest may attach to the Irish Establishment as a chapter in ecclesiastical history, its real importance lies elsewhere. From its inception in the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity, passed in the Dublin Parliament of 1560, it assumed the character which it retained to the end of its existence—an instrument of imperialism, a garrison in a hostile land. It was, as nineteenth-century Conservatives expressed it, 'the hand-maid of the Ascendancy—our tenure of the Island.'

That such a view of its position and function did positive injury to the Irish Church can scarcely be questioned. That it inflicted untold hardships on the Irish people who refused to accept the faith of the Establishment, and that it effectually prevented successive generations of British statesmen from taking a reasonable view of what was primarily a question of government is even more clear. Had responsible

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statesmen like Addington, Liverpool, Wellington, and Peel, been able to free their minds from the belief that the first task of the British Government in Ireland was to uphold the Establishment with all its rights and privileges, the history of the relations between England and Ireland in the nineteenth century might have been very different. But such a revolution in thought was beyond the power of nineteenth-century Tories; and one after another the reforms so urgently needed if the Union was to be made a reality, were blocked, because in some manner, directly or indirectly, they contained a danger to the rights of the Establishment. It is therefore, of supreme importance to the student of the Empire, who would understand the reasons for England's failure to govern the first of her imperial acquisitions that he should have accurate knowledge of the manner in which the Church of Ireland was established, and of the position which it held among the Irish people during the three centuries of its existence.

It is only in our own day that such a history has become possible; that the separation of religion and politics has been accomplished, at least to a degree which will permit students to take a detached and dispassionate view of the whole subject. It is in such a spirit that the present book is written, and while it is clear that the author's sympathies are with his compatriots, his work is notably free from the heat and passion which have obscured history in that of too many of his predecessors on both sides. The book is valuable for the wealth of original material which it contains, but it could be improved by greater care in selection and arrangement. The author has had to contend with a difficult and highly involved piece of history, and his mastery of his subject is beyond all doubt. It is possible however, that his work could be made simpler and more easily intelligible by the adoption of a less strictly chronological method, and some attempt at separation of the various strands which make up the story. There are of course dark passages, upon which it is improbable that much light will ever be thrown; but the main outlines of the story are clear. Ireland, like most other countries of Europe in the sixteenth century, had little religion of any kind. The difficulties confronting the English Government were enormous, and the danger very real, so long as the nominally accepted faiths of the two countries were different; and so long as the word of a Desmond or Shane O'Neil took precedence over English law. On the other hand, the conversion of Ireland to the faith of the Establishment by the methods employed was a patent impossibility.

It is not an edifying story of missionary enterprise, this conversion of a people by the swords of Gilbert, Drury, Essex, and other Elizabethan adventurers, and even among the forceful evangelizing efforts of the sixteenth century it must hold high place. It was a comparatively simple matter to pass the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity. It was a very different matter to enforce them. In reality, the ecclesiastical commission marched *pari passu* with the civil commission. Within the Pale it marched with lame and halting step; beyond the Pale it marched practically not at all. And the centuries brought little change. Despite the victory of the Establishment, the confiscation of vast tracts of Irish lands, and a peculiarly

mean and degrading code of penal laws, the situation remained virtually unchanged so long as the legal Establishment continued. The figures quoted by the author from a report of the Archbishop of Dublin early in the seventeenth century reveal a situation in that diocese very similar to that which existed throughout the greater part of Ireland when the Commission on Public Instruction presented its report to Parliament in 1835. And thus it remained until Mr. Gladstone summoned his courage, forgot his past, and carried the Disestablishment Act. Whatever else may be said of the Irish Church, it is clear beyond all doubt that as a means of pacifying Ireland and educating a lawless and backward people, it proved one of the most signal failures in British history.

D. J. McDougall.

ICELANDIC VERSE

THE NORTH AMERICAN BOOK OF ICELANDIC VERSE, by Watson Kirkconnell (Louis Carrier and Alan Isles, Inc.; pp. 228; \$3.00).

THE energy and fluency of Mr. Watson Kirkconnell are as awe-inspiring to lesser mortals as his encyclopaedic knowledge of European languages. It is no slight matter to announce at half-yearly intervals two dozen projected large volumes of verse translations from 50 languages and dialects, covering practically the whole of Europe, ancient or modern; but we have no doubt that if health and strength are granted to their author, the books will appear in steady and accurate sequence. *The Book of Icelandic Verse* is the first of this series.

The scheme is grandiose and perilous; but its success should be a valuable contribution to the literary knowledge of those less gifted in tongues. Good verse translations to or from any language are few enough; the only effect of most of them is to foster in the reader unacquainted with the original a profound and justifiable contempt for other literatures; for too few people are sufficiently sophisticated to reflect that no poem that might be considered worth translation could possibly be as bad as the ordinary translated version. It must be confessed that this author's previous essays in similar work justify one in approaching this volume with certain misgivings.

It is with all the more pleasure therefore, that one finds in the earlier section at least of this book, much that is undeniably excellent. This is perhaps partly due to the fact that early Icelandic literature is one of the least poetic that ever existed. They produced some of the most masterly prose ever written, and for all the attention they gave to it, no verse that was more than good second-rate. At its best it had a certain rude vigour and sententious aptness, and some of it an almost Irish formal complexity; but a very short-breathed and limited range, with a forced and strained metaphorical complication more interesting to the devotee of crossword puzzles than of poetry. It should therefore lose less in translation than more delicate and lyric work; but the fact remains that never before has it found adequate representation in English.

Mr. Kirkconnell reproduces astonishingly well both the rather rude vigour of the verse and the metrical scheme. He catches not only the movement, a feat in which so many fail, but reproduces very cleverly and not too heavily the alliteration and the curious in-

ternal rhyme, where that is used. The absence, usually, of end-rhyme, permits greater fidelity and less padding, though naturally some slight alteration is necessary at times to secure the alliteration. Flat lines and words are not infrequent, but that is true of the original; and on the whole this section is really excellent. His version of the 'Lay of Darts', for example, need only be compared with Gray's 'Fatal Sisters', to make startlingly evident the superiority of the former.

The mediæval and modern sections are less satisfactory. Both matter and manner become more flaccid, except for a few throw-backs to the sententious and the satiric of the older tradition. Contact with other literatures produced a fair quantity of imitative poetry pleasant enough in itself, perhaps, but hardly strong enough to bear the strain of what is practically re-translation. Mr. Kirkconnell displays an apparently inexhaustible versatility and competence in his rhymed stanzas, but on the whole the result, as in most verse translations, is vacant stuff enough.

Exception must be made for Bjarni Thorarensen's 'Winter', the 'Evening Peace' of Bjarni Jonsson fra Vog, the 'Northern Prairie' of Stephan Stephansson, and several short pieces of Hjalmar Jonsson, all of which do reflect a certain individuality and poetic freshness. It is interesting to note how many of the modern Icelandic poets are living, or have lived, in Canada. The output is surprisingly large, and some of it contains germs of undoubted promise.

After all, the translator may plead in defence, with Martial, that there is only one way to make up a large book of short verses, 'some good, many middling, and more inferior.' It is no small distinction to have grappled so successfully with the best and most vigorous of the available material, and one looks forward with genuine interest to the promised introduction to many poetic literatures that would otherwise remain a closed book to most of us.

L. A. MacKAY.

AN ETHICAL CONFESSION

ETHICAL PRINCIPLES IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, by Hans Driesch (Allen and Unwin; pp. 248; 7/6). REASON, which at the same time is morality, must be supreme'. In such terms Professor Driesch declares war on those tendencies—romantic, irrationalist, undisciplined, and disorderly,—which replaced the False Enlightenment of the XVIIth and XIXth centuries. That Enlightenment took reason in a narrow sense as dealing exclusively in the type of order which proceeds from elementary units of structure to wholes. The true enlightenment will recognize the rationality of order as such, of all possible types of order, including such as proceed from totalities rather than elements (*vide* the author's *Ordnungslehre*). For ethics, the main point is the conviction that 'it is absolutely necessary to render a strict account in all intellectual matters whatsoever'.

The first section (Prolegomena) gives us a theoretical ethics. 'It ought to be' and 'good' are shown to be definitive order-denotations apprehended as the forms 'saturating' empirical facts. Absolute value would be order so perfectly fulfilled that nothing remained over to ask or to be desired.

But the second and larger part (Doctrine of Duties) claims to go beyond abstract ethics, and give a



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concrete system of injunctions, to fill in the empty form 'it ought to be' with contents expressed imperatively as 'thou shalt'. Now it is part of the 'Enlightened' attitude, I judge, to admit ignorance and limitation wherever they indubitably exist. Thus, since duty is utterly personal, this system of applied ethics cannot claim universal validity, and Professor Driesch admits that, as a set of injunctions to particular actions it must be a personal 'confession' and can be nothing more.

Thus the starting point, the rejection of suicide and quietism, is hypothetical; if the life of my body is not part of a world plan, it may well be that it ought to be destroyed; the instinct of self-preservation speaks too ambiguously (as between 'ought' and 'want') to decide the matter. The axioms that it is my duty to myself to live, to keep my body fit, and to act, are then after all assumptions. Once however these assumptions are made, once I assent to my own life, how much more, by implication am I morally obliged to will! I have a duty to develop my talents, to propagate my kind, to respect life in others, to tell the truth (except for certain 'emergency lies') to respect the state, and, highest duty of all, to promote peace. Very skilfully this system is constructed on the basis of the two ideas of Pity and Duty, the obligatory content being ascribed wherever possible to instinctive material worked up by reflective reason.

Its private nature as 'confession' is best brought out by a catalogue of injunctions and prohibitions. In general the taking of life can perhaps never be excused; certainly not capital punishment, euthanasia, or the slaughtering of animals for food. For we do not know what death is; it is the flinging of a life into 'the uncertain'. The causing of pain in general is wrong, because pain inhibits; in particular corporal punishment is an inexcusable degradation. There is a duty to monogamy, tempered by easy divorce where there are no children. Birth control *ought not* to be, but *may be* i.e. can be apologized for, since it is better that the unborn should be destroyed than that men should grow up doomed to destroy each other. The taking of interest can only be approved by apology; in strict duty, the man who has more than he needs *ought* to lend without expectation of receiving even the loan back. Mineral wealth and land *ought* to be held communally. The democratic Republic (in which alone the individual is a *member* instead of an *object*) is the only form of government which is obligatory. There ought to be only one world-state, for there is a moral danger in a plurality of states: it is a sign that all is not yet in order. For the immediate future, the solution for Europe is a federation of provinces, Bavaria, Burgundy, Tuscany and the like.

War is entirely evil, unless possibly when waged by the League against an offender. Conscription is 'a law compelling all to sin'. In regard to war-guilt there is the penetrating remark 'It is unreasonable for a people which has waged war to declare its innocence, and equally so to place the sole guilt of a war upon one single people.' In general the successive attitudes to take under provocation are, arbitration, boycott under the League of Nations, and as a last resort sheer non-resistance which 'will make the enemy ridiculous, and that is the worst injury to inflict on his

heroic rôle.'

It is also part of this 'confession', though here we pass beyond ethics, that Professor Driesch is seriously impressed with the empirical evidence for survival after death, as for telepathy and prevision: that he proposes to make extensive use of suggestion and autosuggestion in education, that he envisages a universal language 'which will be English unless an artificial language is agreed on', and that he would substitute a theory of 'types' along the lines of Scheler, Grunbaum, or Jung for the old theory of 'races'.

Professor Driesch can be amusing when the occasion calls for humour. 'Language is often a deciding factor' (in determining nationality) 'though... the Swiss possess three languages and feel themselves one nation and the Scots speak English and yet are far from considering themselves to be Englishmen, although they do feel themselves to be Britons. (It is true that they do not feel any enmity towards Englishmen).'

H. R. MACCALLUM.

RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT

STUDY IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION, by A. Seth Pringle-Pattison (Oxford University Press; pp. 256; \$3.75).

THIS volume is based on Dr. Pringle-Pattison's Gifford Lectures of 1923 on 'Religious Origins and the Philosophy of History', and is intended to fill in the sketch of a Philosophy of Religion which was then only more or less begun. Even yet, however, the work is incomplete; for after dealing with religious origins and the Religion of Greece, the author leaves all other lines of development on one side and follows only that which leads through Jewish Ethical Monotheism to Christian Theism. Within this limited range it goes without saying that this book makes an important contribution to the study of religious development, and students of anthropology and of Christian origins alike will find their respective halves of the book both provocative and challenging. Not always does Dr. Pringle-Pattison keep to the role of philosopher; and in the later sections of the book he tends to become rather a dogmatic theologian. And it is scarcely likely that dogmatic theologians will accept his main conclusion, however readily they may agree on the general lines of the historic development of the Christian creed. It is interesting to find him affirming that the facts of history are all on the side of the Roman Church as 'the most important representative of historical Christianity', and that 'it is through it that the development of Christian doctrine and practice must be traced.' In the matter of the Sacraments, for example, 'the Roman doctrine may stand nearer to the conceptions and general religious outlook of the first Christian believers than the symbolic and purely spiritual view for which Protestantism contends.' This is in keeping with a considerable body of modern Protestant opinion, but it should not be taken to mean that no novel element (such as transubstantiation) has crept into primitive sacramentarianism. Where the theologians are likely to disagree is in respect of Dr. Pringle-Pattison's conclusion regarding the Person of Jesus Christ. Rejecting, as almost all modern theologians do, the Chalcedonian metaphysics, he goes so far as to repudiate all attempts at saving the essential values of the doctrine of the

'two natures', holding that the real way of advance is along ethical and spiritual lines, and concludes that what we really find in Jesus is not Divinity 'in any sense locally and existentially present', but one who by his life and death revealed the character of God.

There is at least one weak spot, it seems to us, in Dr. Pringle-Pattison's reasoning here. He rejects Archbishop Temple's theory of the Incarnation in which the Logos became flesh in Jesus 'without ceasing His creative and sustaining work', on the ground that that would leave Jesus with part of the being of the Logos only. And yet we find him ready enough to believe in 'one creative Spirit, at once transcendent and immanent-moving in the hearts of men....' That idea, which is clearly necessary to any adequate theism, does not seem to us to be essentially different from Archbishop Temple's theory of the Word made flesh. Neither view is free from difficulty; but if it is possible to believe in one, there seems to be no valid ground for rejecting the other. Unless, indeed, you rule out the idea of Logos altogether.

F. J. MOORE

ACADIA

THE SPELL OF ACADIA, by Frank Oliver Call (L. C. Page and Co.; pp. 427; \$4.00).

RARELY is travelling by the book route completely satisfactory, unless it so happens that you fortunately find yourself under the guidance of a fine genius who manages to grasp the spirit of the land through which he leads you and to transmit that spirit to the printed page. This genuinely great experience seldom comes to a reader, although travel books, fat and thin, large and small, cause the great shelves of great book stores to groan under the burden. We need not search far for the reason: there are not many writers who, possessing a deep knowledge of a country, a passionate love for that country, and the ability to unfold that knowledge and love in rich literary expression, turn to the writing of travel books for a travel-hungry public.

A few years ago Professor Call wrote his first book for 'The Spell Series.' In this work he penned his reactions to the Province of Quebec, with its glorious historical background and its colourful, fascinating, modern foreground. Without exaggeration and in the face of certain shortcomings, it can be said that portions of this volume literally glowed with an enthusiasm for the old Province and for its people; Dr. Call, a dweller within Quebec and a contented one to boot, felt perfectly at home as he laboured to create these pages, for, in the jargon of scholarship, this was 'his field.'

Unfortunately, however, similar words of praise cannot be awarded to the book now under review. Unlike Odysseus, Dr. Call a modern traveller, did not linger in his wanderings. No twenty years, no ten years separated his departure from his return. Rather, he seems to have rolled rapidly in his car through the scenes of Acadian romance and tragedy, and, having rolled, to have returned to his beloved province of Quebec for the purpose of describing the vistas, the panoramas, which had been flashing brilliantly before his eyes. And, as a matter of fact, I am almost sure that the Professor, even in the land of Evangeline, meditated frequently upon his Quebec home and upon

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his peonies. I base this remark upon the impression left by opening pages of the book wherein Dr. Call candidly admits his reluctance to leave his gardens, even though Acadia, with Siren-like songs, was luring him on.

The result, then, of this altogether too rapid survey is in reality a compilation of a few personal reactions, a small number of facts pertaining to the immediate present, and a large number of references and descriptions, culled from various historical records and descriptive writings. Such a mixture can scarcely be called satisfactory. The reader rarely feels the genuine spell of Acadia; continually finds it difficult to visualize the Acadia of today; and only occasionally feels any genuine emotion in the writing. This sense of detachment is especially dominant when the secondary source material completely smothers the personality of the author. An author must at times employ such material, but there must be some process of transmutation by which all ingredients—be they secondary or primary—are melted into one finely artistic whole. In *The Spell of Acadia*, the alchemist has failed.

S. E. READ.

PLANT PHYSIOLOGY

GROWTH AND TROPIC MOVEMENTS OF PLANTS, by Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose (Longmans, Green; pp. xxix, 447; \$8.40).

THE study of plant physiology in relation to growth and movement is one of unusual difficulty. The normal growth and movement of the subject is so minute, and the response to experimental stimulus so subtle, as to require more than ordinary means of detection, and although a good deal of valuable data has been obtained by physiologists, much of it has appeared so contradictory that it has been impossible to formulate a law which would account for all phenomena of this sort. For instance, the fact that, in a plant laid horizontally, the shoot ascends while the root descends when both are exposed to the same stimuli of heat, light, and gravity, or that under identical conditions, the leaves of one plant rise while those of another drop, has been supposed by many to denote the existence of different structures in the separate parts or species. In the absence of any adequate physiological explanation, these and similar problems have been too often explained by invoking a somewhat vague teleology based on the benefit supposed to accrue to the plant.

Sir Jagadis Bose—probably the foremost plant physiologist of the day—has eschewed all such easy solutions. His investigations are along the lines of pure physiology. In this his latest major publication, he explores the 'how' of growth and tropic (turning) movements of plants. To achieve any real success by this method, it was necessary to invent a variety of highly sensitive instruments of detection and record. Of these it is sufficient to say that with one it is possible to measure accurately the growth of a plant in one second (usually less than .001 millimeter), and with another to record the galvanometric variation of an artificially stimulated shoot or organ.

Thus equipped to read the subtlest (often the most significant) variations in response, Sir Jagadis has gathered and analysed a mass of significant data. The book details over two hundred experiments, typical of a great many more, from the results of which he

is able to reduce to consistency all phenomena of herbal growth and tropic movement. His results may be summarized as follows:—

Growth is the result of an increase of turgor caused by an increased rate in the ascent of sap.

The response to all stimuli is positive, i.e. a movement towards the stimulus.

The positive movement is caused by a decrease of turgor and consequent contraction of the proximal side, and (in some cases) by an increase of turgor and consequent expansion of the distal side of the stimulated shoot or organ.

The galvanometric response at the stimulated point is a negative variation.

Apparent contradictions of the law are caused by:

(a) Opposite responses to direct and indirect stimulus, a direct stimulus being one applied at the growing or sensitive portion of a shoot or organ, an indirect one applied at some distance from it.

(b) A subminimal stimulus, the response to which is negative.

(c) A subtonic condition in the specimen, which causes first a negative, followed by a positive response as the condition of the specimen improves under the stimulus.

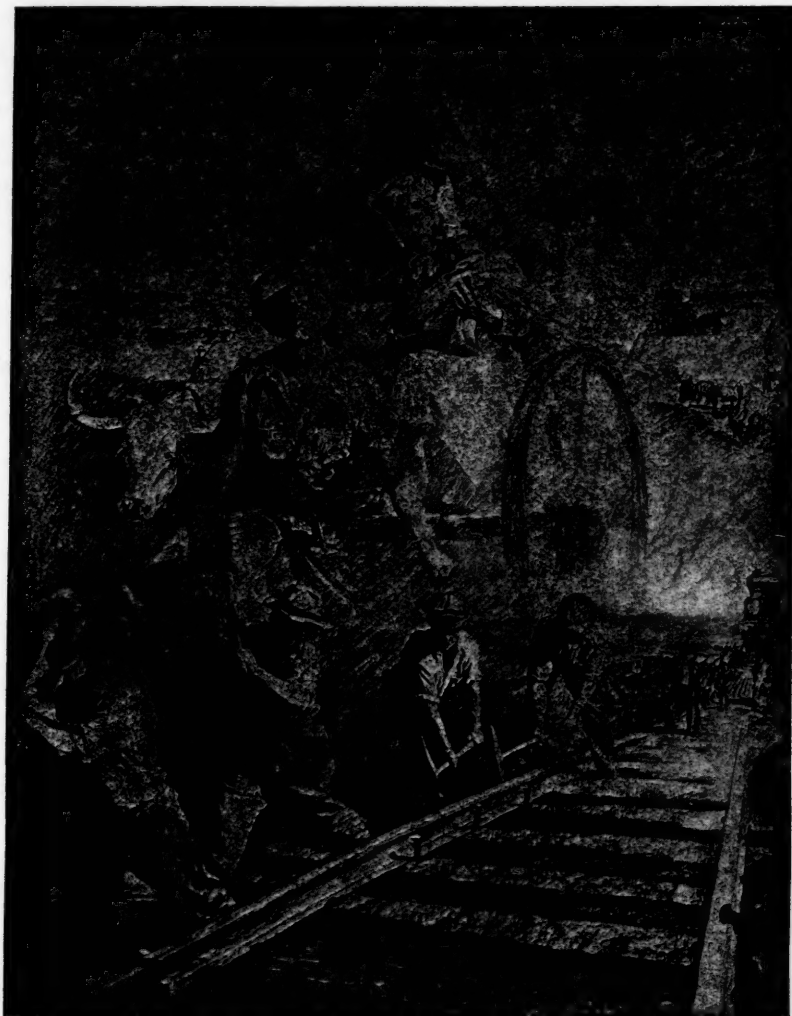
(d) Stems or organs in which the opposite sides grow or respond to stimulus unequally, the sensitive side of an organ (petiole, petal, etc.) varying in different species.

Having formulated this law of growth and tropic movement, Sir Jagadis found it possible to sum up algebraically the response of a plant to a complex of stimuli. For instance, the complete diurnal movement of a leaf of *Mimosa pudica* was found to represent the exact sum of its responses to light and darkness, varying temperature, and geotropic excitation. The sum of the responses to these stimuli, when they were applied separately by experiment, was found to give the same curve as when the leaf was subjected to them simultaneously.

The most absorbing part of the book deals with the response of plants to geotropic excitation, and the gradual tracing of this response to the fall of starch grains against the sensitive walls of certain cells when the plant is tilted beyond a critical angle. The inner walls of these cells were found to be more sensitive than the outer, so that the stimulus is greater in the upper side of the inclined stem, causing a contraction of that side and the ascent of the stem. This important discovery, confirming the 'statolith theory', in conjunction with the discovery of the opposite effects of direct and indirect stimulus, gives the final explanation for the ascent of the shoot and descent of the root in a horizontally-laid plant. In the shoot, the geoperceptive cells containing the starch grains are situated in the responsive growing portion, and the response to geo-tropic stimulus (which follows the vertical lines of gravity) is therefore positive and upward, the stimulation being direct. In the root, however, the geo-perceptive cells are contained in the tip at a distance from the responsive growing portion. Thus the stimulus is indirect and the response negative and downward.

It is not often that a major contribution in a difficult scientific field can be enjoyed by the layman. One may therefore rejoice that Sir Jagadis writes in so clear and untechnical a style that anyone interested in this or allied subjects can read this volume with enjoyment. It is illustrated with 229 excellent diagrams and 56 tables which assist very materially in making the text completely clear.

H. K. GORDON.



Between 1881 and 1891 the population of Manitoba, the Northwest Territories (including the present Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan) and British Columbia rose from 168,000 to 350,000.

As the RAILS Advanced

AS the rails of the new Canadian Pacific Railway advanced, the settlers kept pace. Men, women and children walked alongside their plodding oxen to keep step with the road that was opening this virgin land. ¶ Settlers formed new towns. On the Pacific Coast Van Horne stood on a hill and said: "Here will be Vancouver." So the work advanced, not always

smoothly, but sometimes with hard fighting. The railway pioneers had to face the scorn of those who said, "The road will never pay for its axle grease." ¶ Railway and settlers went forward side by side for the final conquest of the country.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TODAY

The Canadian Pacific Railway runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Its liners sail from Vancouver and Victoria to Japan and China, and from Montreal, Quebec and Saint John to Great Britain and the Continent. It operates winter cruises to the Mediterranean, the West Indies and Round the World, and a winter service to Bermuda. Its chateaux and hotels represent the latest word in comfort and luxury. Its telegraph service employs 225,000 miles of wire. Its express travellers' cheques are current all over the world. Canadian Pacific offices and agents are to be found everywhere.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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9 CM

SHORT NOTICES

THE GOBLIN WOMAN, by Rose O'Neill (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy; pp. 345; \$2.50).

The best thing about this book is the jacket, which carries a beautiful drawing by the author and a brief statement telling us not only what the novel is about but also that 'this is a book for artists, poets, and all who seek in fiction life made luminous and iridescent'. My duty therefore is to confess that apparently I am neither an artist nor a poet and that I like my fiction intelligible—or, not to be arrogant, readable. On the page where I finally confessed defeat this dialogue occurs, between the goblin and a lady who called upon her and from whom she hid in an attic:—

'Why did you hide from me?' demanded Giulia.

'It is the good marketable Zeus that devised this pious town,' said Mrs. Tredegar. 'The Holy Ghost would be too occupied with delicate fiery affairs. . . . You cannot expect Him to build a town. But after, he will sit on the roofs.'

'I will have it out of you. Why did you hide?'

'I swallowed Rome to the hilt,' said Mrs. Tredegar. 'I was digesting the blade.'

Now, Tredegar is a Welsh name, and she has lived in Wales. I myself have spent many years in the Principality, but though I have said harsh things in my time about the Welsh, I bear unflinching witness that this not their method of making life iridescent. Nor indeed is it anyone's method, save indeed. . . . To be sure, the Goblin may be insane, but no likely bribe will induce me to finish this farrago in order to make sure. Still, we can consult the jacket again. 'Nor did she know any of the conventions of polite conversation—she looked at the life of the old town with the direct and lively curiosity of a young savage and talked about it with naive unrestraint, in such strange and bewilderingly lovely metaphors that her hearers were baffled to imagine a past which could have produced her.' This bafflement was due simply to neglect of Mr. Aldous Huxley and Mr. Cabell: the Goblin's manner springs not from 'satiated curiosity' but from a banquet of ultra-sophisticated novels swallowed by one possessing the appetite of Gargantua and the digestion of a sparrow. Even apart from her remarks, the book is astoundingly pre-

tentious. Here are two cats: 'Little David, being gray and white, regarded Giulia with eyes of emerald. Blinko, being garbed in gold, did his looking through honey.' Glancing at the later pages, we find the same morbid affectation:

'Carmarthen was like a fastidious gentleman of an earlier time receiving another in a moment of repose for an agreeable Heraclitean discourse upon poets, perhaps, or the sweet expeditions of scholars.'

What these expeditions may be, and why Heraclitus is dragged in, I cannot tell. He was, indeed, nicknamed 'the Dark', as being the most obscure of philosophers: that may be a clue. But why write a novel on the lines of a Torquemada cross-word?

G. N.

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE, by Edward Westermarck (Allen and Unwin; pp. 307; 16/-).

Lovers of biography will not be disappointed in these memoirs of a great scholar. There is no sensationalism, no ferreting into the dark corners of the soul. It is, written in a very objective manner, the quiet, calm, inherently modest story of one who had clearly attained full middle age in the pre-war period, of a man who always knew what he wanted to do, and did it. In its simple straightforwardness

it is like a refreshing breeze blowing from the high clear summits of culture into the deep and narrow valleys where recent catastrophes have left us hectically groping. We see the author in his childhood, in his undergraduate days at the University of Helsingfors where he developed his own interests with a freedom so rarely attainable in the universities of the English speaking world. We follow him upon his mountaineering and other holiday expeditions, and it is interesting to watch the famous *History of*

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Human Marriage and his other works germinate, painfully grow, and finally come to life. There are also many entertaining comments upon men and things whether in England, Morocco, or Finland, and a number of little gems scattered by the way, such as:—German metaphysics came to my mind once in Morocco when I had to ride straight across a small river. It seemed to me so deep that I hesitated. But I determined at any rate to attempt it and—found that the water was scarcely above the horses' hoofs. It gave the impression of depth simply because it was so muddy.

And yet this scholar, for all his cosmopolitanism and dry detached humour was ever ready to put himself at the disposal of his country, and, as a true scholar should, to descend into the arena of controversy when he thought that his ability could be of use in the struggle, as he did in 1899 and again in 1920.

It is a very friendly book, one to go back to now and again for soothing companionship and quiet enjoyment, and it enhances one's conception of the true scholarly life in the person of one gifted with true poise and detachment, those qualities so rarely encountered in these hustling days.

G. M. A. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN BOOKS

CANADA 1931. An Official Handbook of Present Conditions and Recent Progress (Dominion Bureau of Statistics; pp. viii, 199; \$25).

THE UNIVERSITIES OF CANADA. Issued by The Anglo-Canadian Education Committee (pp. 40; 1/-).

GENERAL

GOETHE'S FAUST. Translated by Alice Raphael (Cape-Nelson; pp. ix, 262; \$2.50).

WORDSWORTH. The Clark Lectures, by Herbert Read (Cape-Nelson; pp. 271; \$3.00).

PALACE PLAYS, by Laurence Housman (Cape-Nelson; pp. 126; \$1.50).

PAGES OF ENGLISH PROSE, 1390-1930, by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch (Oxford Press; pp. xvi, 134; \$1.00).

APHORISMS, by F. H. Bradley (Oxford University Press; pp. 99; \$1.50).

WHEN JOAN WAS POPE, by Richard Ince (The Scholartis Press; pp. 261; 7/6).

FROM DAY TO DAY, by Ferdynand Goetel (Elkin, Mathews, & Marrot-Irwin & Gordon; pp. ix, 310; 7/6).

THE INTERNATIONAL CITY OF TANGIER, by Graham H. Stuart (Stanford University Press; pp. xiii, 323; \$4.00).

A SHAKESPEARE BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Walther Ebisch & Levin L. Schucking (Oxford University Press; pp. xviii, 294; \$6.25).

AFRICA, by L. S. Suggate (Harrap-Clarke Irwin & Co.; pp. 377; \$1.75).



PROFESSOR BABBITT AGAIN
The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:—

Possibly an 'Open Letter' can be answered only by the addressee, and you may have in your hands, by this time, Professor Irving Babbitt's reply to Professor Fairley's challenge in your January issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM. If not—and if, in the circumstances, my intervention is permissible—I would like to point out one erroneous conclusion that your readers might draw from Professor Fairley's letter, though he himself may not have intended it to be inferred. I refer to his 'third and severest item', namely, that in Professor Babbitt's lectures on 'Wordsworth and Modern Poetry' delivered in Toronto the name of Goethe was never mentioned. I did not have the pleasure of hearing these lectures; so I have no conjectures to offer as to the reasons for this omission. But it would be unfortunate if the idea should get abroad that the name of Goethe not only did not appear in these lectures, but has no place on Professor Babbitt's map of the intellectual world. I sat in Professor Babbitt's classes at Harvard twenty years ago, and I think no name fell so constantly from his lips as that of Goethe. If Professor Babbitt—who is not given to hero-worship—had a hero, that hero was Goethe. If he has not 'experienced' Wordsworth, he has certainly 'experienced' Goethe. In his lectures he always treated Goethe as a norm by which to measure the humanism of other writers.

If Professor Fairley will consult Professor Babbitt's published works, he will find my personal recollections confirmed. In *The New Laokoon* there are five references to Goethe, in *The Masters of Modern French Criticism* there are no less than forty-two (he is the central figure in the important 'Conclusion' of this work), in *Rousseau and Romanticism* there are

thirty-three (again Goethe looms large in the closing chapter 'The Present Outlook'), in *Democracy and Leadership* there are six.

Finally, let me quote one passage from *The Masters of Modern French Criticism* (p. 363): 'Goethe, indeed, comes nearer than any other modern to what we are seeking; not the romantic or scientific Goethe, it should be added, but the humanistic Goethe who is revealed in the conversations with Eckermann and others, and in the critical utterances of his later years.'

Goethe is certainly on Professor Babbitt's map; in fact, he stands out in high relief thereon.

Yours, etc.

A. F. B. CLARK.

[In view of Mr. J. S. Will's 'In Defence of Professor Babbitt' in the February issue and of Mr. Clark's letter above, we have arranged for a further article from Mr. Fairley which will appear next month.—Ed.]

THE UNITED FARMERS

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:—

We note in one of your recent issues an article by H. M. Rayner, in which Mr. Rayner criticizes the present administration of this Organization. Many statements contained in this article are misleading, at least in regard to the attitude of the President. I have personally been connected with the organized farm movement since 1912. It has always been the policy of the Farmers' Educational Organization to lay down the program at the Annual Convention of the Organization. The President and the Board of Directors are then instructed to carry out the program. There are, however, times when responsible officials will have to take a lead, but whatever action is taken by the leaders in such circumstances is reported to the Annual Convention and must be ratified by the Annual Convention.

It has been necessary for Mr. Williams to take a very decided stand

on many matters of importance to the membership during the last six months and our records show that he has never shirked his responsibility. For instance, just as soon as we were advised that the Prime Minister, Hon. R. B. Bennett, was going to speak at Regina, our President drafted a memorandum which was presented to the Prime Minister immediately upon his arrival in the Capital City. There was no time to consult the members of the Executive. Mr. Williams had to draft the memorandum himself.

It is not so very long ago since the Executive of this Organization came out fearlessly advocating 100% growers' control of marketing by legislation. It is true that they had received the mandate of the Convention but every daily newspaper, magazine and periodical came out with stories to the effect that the leaders of the United Farmers of Canada, Saskatchewan Section were a bunch of radical

visionaries, who were acting without authority of the farmers and were assuming the role of dictators.

Your Mr. Rayner is apparently misinformed. If he would take the trouble to ascertain the opinion which is held by the 30,000 members of this Organization, at this time, he would find that Mr. Williams is regarded as the most efficient clear-thinking leader that has ever headed a Farm Organization in Saskatchewan. This is not idle talk. The votes of confidence in our President which are received from all parts of the Province speak for themselves and are open to the inspection of anyone who cares to call at this Office.

I feel that it is only fair that the situation should be known to both yourself and the writer of the article referred to.

Yours, etc.,

FRANK ELIASON,
Secretary.



TWO SHAW PLAYS

DURING the week Jan. 26th-31st *Major Barbara* was presented in the Hart House Theatre, Toronto, by the Director, Mr. Edgar Stone, who contrived (with little or no damage to the play) to save a third set by staging the final act not at the Cannon Works but in the library, as in the first act. His work was first-rate, especially in the famous scene that passes in the Salvation Army yard. High as were our expectations of the acting, they were realized: the chief honours went to Mr. H. E. Hitchman (Peter Shirley) and Mr. Percy Shutte (Andrew Undershaft).

At the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto (Feb. 2nd-14th), Messrs. Maurice Colbourne and Barry Jones presented *The Apple Cart* to crowded and enthusiastic houses. Perhaps the most impressive performance was Mr. Elmer Grandin's (the American Ambassador), but both Mr. Colbourne and Mr. Jones merit hearty felicitations on their enactment of extremely long and exacting rôles. Indeed, all the parts were admirably sustained: this was throughout a finished piece of work, and though liberties had been taken with the author's published directions as to costume, no one grumbled at this, since Boanerges, the newly-elect-

ed President of the Board of Trade, wore in the last act an assortment of apparel that was a masterpiece of demure vulgarity.

There is no need to spend much time on the 'story' of either play. By now, everyone genuinely interested in the drama knows *Major Barbara*, first produced in 1905. *The Apple Cart* depicts a future English king at loggerheads with his ministers and bringing them to heel by a threat to abdicate, become a member of the Lower House, and baffle them there. But we may dwell on two themes suggested by these plays, especially when taken side by side.

Firstly, Shaw's limitations are becoming even more apparent. He can expound magnificently; he can destroy terribly; in construction he is far less good. He has done inestimable service by exposing knavery, cant, self-deception, in a score of forms. Perhaps no man that ever wielded pen has possessed such demonic power to damn a whole gigantic edifice of imposture in a single sentence, like the memorable exclamation in *John Bull's Other Island*: 'Will you always be duped by Acts of Parliament that change nothing but the necktie of the man that picks your pocket?' and 'he is a Christian for reasons that would

had been born in Constantinople'. All this should not blind us to the truth that Shaw is of small use as a constructive thinker. What is he driving at in *Major Barbara*? What has Undershaft to offer, after exposing everyone else as mistaken or futile nincompoops? For mankind in general, that they should regard poverty as a crime. This notion it would be waste of words to combat fully. Aristophanes, a dramatist of less brainpower, exposed it twenty-three centuries ago; and all experience teaches that any enterprise worth serious devotion can be safe only if those undertaking it do not care for money. The instant they accept commercial methods they are doomed to defeat by the supporters of the *status quo*, as Shaw himself reveals with merciless lucidity by demonstrating the relations of Bodger's whisky and the Salvation Army. Undershaft's other notion, for himself and the Undershaft line, is that a good life consists in blowing people to pieces—why, is not explained; but I greatly fear that he was accepting the stupid and vulgar ideal of efficiency for efficiency's sake. No; the last act of *Major Barbara* is a fiasco, and Shaw himself is—or at any rate was—quite aware of it. But the fiasco is a breakdown of the idea to be conveyed, emphatically not of dramatic composition.

But in *The Apple Cart* the collapse is complete. As for ideas, there is nothing but the ancient fun-poking at professional politicians—Aristophanes again, not to mention Mr. Belloc and a thousand others: indeed as a literary theme it must surely rank in popularity as a good fourth to love, war, and wine. Politics are here reinforced by an attack on the social and economic sins of capitalism, most of it a dramatization of the *Intelligent Woman's Guide*. And as for drama! This is properly a one-act play, and an excellent one-act play too, leading up directly to the bombshell of King Magnus' threat to abdicate. But in an evil hour its author lengthened it by insertions, the crude intrusiveness of which is nothing short of ignominious in a playwright of Mr. Shaw's talent and experience. First, the Orinithia interlude is far too long and is languid in development. Worst of all, it has nothing to do with the rest of the play: he might as well have shown us Magnus playing tennis. Second, the American proposal is not merely treated feebly (think what he would have made of it in the days of *The*

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A more complete programme for 1931, and application forms containing the usual detailed information regarding the various tours are available at the office of the OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE, 224 Bloor Street West, Toronto, or call Kingsdale 5225.

Devil's Disciple!): it comes to nothing at all. The sequel is not influenced by it; still worse, when the action is over the conscience-stricken playwright drags it in again and to our stupefaction we behold Shaw (of all people!) pouring forth pathetic patriotism on behalf of the English. Third, the scene of the two secretaries has no dramatic excuse whatever (there is a practical excuse: see below): it explains nothing, leads up to nothing, and probably misleads the more sedulous into expecting that Sempronius' father is to have an influence on the action, whereas he has no more effect on it than Nebuchadnezzar. Who would believe that the perpetrator of this bungling exordium has dozens of magnificent plays to his credit? Fourthly, the actual dispute between monarch and ministers, excellent in conception and sparkling as of old, is monstrously padded out. How often are we told that Magnus has side-tracked his opponents again? Mr. Colbourne must have found it a fiendish task to memorize Proteus' lines: only a passage of Gertrude Stein could be worse. Above all, the king's surrender is at the last moment of the first act postponed without a shred of excuse, for Magnus gets no new light in the interim: he could have exploded his bomb perfectly well then and there. Indeed, students of dramatic art will probably agree that Shaw's original idea was so to manage the Ambassador's visit that it provided Magnus at the eleventh hour with a trump card to play in his game with the Cabinet. That would have given genuine structure to most of the action. But nothing of the kind happens: the cogs do not engage.

And what has become of Mr. Shaw's character-drawing? Lysistrata is vigorous and effective, her tirade against Breakages Ltd. the only considerable passage that reminds us of the old Shaw. But she is little more than a 'Cause' on two legs—the Intelligent Woman who has read the Guide to Socialism that Mr. Shaw wrote for her. All the others are daubs. To compare the labour-leader Boanerges with a vivid organizer of labour like Undershaft is merely cruel. Mr. Shaw used to know far better than this. If someone else twenty years ago had written *The Apple Cart*, cannot you imagine the criticism Shaw would have flung forth? 'Bill Boanerges is a ludicrous phantom of the popular demagogue who haunts the lobster-begotten nightmares of Anglo-Indian

colonels and the tinpot Bourbons of the Carlton Club. If Mr. Bernard had spent ten minutes in first-hand study of English labour organization he would know that such a transparent guffin would have no more chance of getting into Parliament than I have of preaching in Westminster Abbey.'

Now for my other point. At most Shaw performances the audience is quite as interesting as the actors, and always has been, though the kind of interest has varied. During these recent productions it was sobering, if not unnerving, to gaze round on that serried mass of people listening to the discussion and exposure of organized official cant as regards poverty, morals, politics; and all ready to go home and continue doing as they have done before. Here is perhaps the greatest propagandist that ever lived—commanding encyclopædic knowledge and vivid ideas, perfect controversial skill, expression so crisp and witty that you hate to miss a word — and to such people he makes no difference. Our communal life, our press, our standards of political wisdom and expediency, our scale of spiritual values, are such that when confronted by Mrs. Baines and Breakages Ltd. we ought either to wreck the theatre or rush out yelling with shame and grief to begin vigorous effort towards a less ignominious civilization.

The explanation of this at first sight astounding callousness is simply that Shaw has become the fashion. On the evening when I saw *The Apple Cart* droves of people came in late. That little fact reveals all. Imagine anyone in the great days coming late to a Shaw play—to Miss Ramsden's interview with Octavius, the talk between Drinkwater and the missionary, Broadbent's preparations for his visit to Ireland, the conversation of Bel Affris and Cleopatra's officers! The older generation of Shaw enthusiasts were no doubt quaint—bearded like the pard, full of strange oaths and modern instances, but they did cherish an interest in ideas and enthusiasm for dramatic art. Shaw, with his peerless knowledge of audiences, foresaw the change and 'began' *The Apple Cart* with ten minutes' chat that nobody need hear; and in tramped a hundred Broadbents, late, just as they are late at church, and for the same reasons. Their comments during the interval were in character. One said: 'It's the best thing he's ever done'. Imagine anyone saying that *Count Robert of Paris* is better than *Old*

Mortality, that Cleveland is a finer city than Florence! Shaw has been so incessantly boomed that even Charles Lomax has at length got wind of him, puts on a white waistcoat and goes to see his work, like that wretch in the advertisements whom his wife forces to read Hubbard's *Scrap-Book* so as to shine at dinner-parties. Such people, owing to the very reasons for their presence, cannot see that as art this latest play is merely abject beside *Major Barbara*, not to mention *Caesar and Cleopatra* or *Arms and the Man*; and that in this bad play the ideas, familiar as they should be, are yet immeasurably better than their artistic setting. The mentality of such audiences is shown by their laughter. Utterly obvious things like the rose-and-cabbage simile aroused large guffaws, for a cabbage is always laughed at in the theatre. The whole Orinthis scene was entirely misunderstood. Everyone seemed to think she is exhibited as a futile and conceited fool, whereas she states a perfectly tenable and striking theory of life; she is in fact the last faint flicker of Candida and Mrs. George: note her remark about a first-rate woman. The boom pushes us into the theatre though we do not understand what we see there: now that Shaw has lost nine-tenths of his excellence he has become a superstition.

This disastrous change began with *Saint Joan*, in itself a magnificent play; its reception adds yet one more proof that acceptance of heresy is a question not of persuasion, force, or change of heart, but merely of time. Not only did *Saint Joan* meet with immense success: far more notable, it was published in a five-guinea edition with illustrations. Most remarkable of all, Mr. Shaw was invited by the British Broadcasting Company to address the nation. St. Bernard of Dublin was canonised beside St. Joan of Arc. Honours were showered upon that reverend but irreverent head; he was accepted at last with open arms. Soon we shall be able to buy the Pocket Shaw in limp lambskin. Any day we may hear that he has been laying a foundation-stone or addressing to Boy Scouts a ringing exhortation to cultivate a sound mind in a sound body. Of course his subject helped this rise to eminence. Had he substituted Nelson for Joan or the German Foreign Office for the Inquisition and treated them so, belated critics might still be writing with brilliant originality about licensed jesters and

wrong-headed cleverness. But he took a Frenchwoman and an obsolete organ of a religion not too popular in England; moreover, he treated of a British reverse, so that we could still suppose we were gamely facing the music even while we applauded. Everyone was satisfied. In a few years we shall all be dragged by our enthusiastic juniors to see manufactured stuff depicting heroines who wish to marry two men at once, and shall be derided for Edwardianism if we don't like it. Then some young critic will arise with a holy mission to discredit Shaw as an idol, because only so can dramatic art move forward to new life. This will fix him more firmly upon his pedestal, and at Shaw-matinées the stalls will be crowded by school-girls who are 'doing' *Pygmalion* for Matriculation English. The process is simple enough, and regularly applied to all defiant teachers and artists. First, the orthodox experts are annoyed to find a man who performs his work admirably but shocks their notions of good taste. Next, they gradually become used to him, and their denunciations sink into ritual. Thirdly, they themselves (twenty years behind him) reach the stand-point and opinions that inspired his earlier work. Fourthly, he produces something that incidentally pleases them—the Earl of Warwick in the flesh, a heroine not preoccupied with 'the duel of sex'—and they face about with a promptitude and unanimity amazing to anyone who is ignorant that a professional critic's first ambition is usually to beat his rivals in 'discovering talent'. When such reaction begins at all, it is rapid, for there is an immense horde of pseudo-literary camp-followers whose one desire is to be in the movement. Like British trade, they follow the flag.

All this, needless to say, does not in the least mean that people in general have begun to agree either with Mr. Shaw's temperament or with his outlook, or even with any detail of his opinions. Some few thousands, of course, those who will soon be moulding, or have begun to mould, opinion and social practice, have for a good many years been trained and invigorated by him. But the huge majority of human beings are never really convinced of anything. The utmost you can do is to induce them to cease persecution. They drift forward to a 'new' opinion only when it is no longer new, and indeed is likely to become a menace or a clog through

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its obsolescence. We shall all, no doubt, believe, proclaim, and carry out the tenets of Mr. Shaw when conditions have so changed that he is as far behind the times as Byron is now. He has himself said, in one of the most brilliant phrases ever uttered, that the followers of Ibsen are to be divided into Ibsenites and Ibsenists. There are Shawists now, and no more numerous because of *Saint Joan*. Shawites have been few; soon they will be a huge host, deriding and quite possibly starving to death the next Shaw, whoever he may be.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

WINNIPEG

IT WAS with a certain amount of trepidation that we trudged through a cold winter's night recently to see the *Christmas Cycle of Chester Mystery Plays* at Winnipeg's Little Theatre. As objects of study beneath the reading lamp, so it seemed to us then, they were interesting as relics of the theatre as it emerged from its long darkness. But we could not conceive of them being of vast moment in the theatre of today. 'Who would prefer the skeleton of the theatre to the full bodied, rosy-fleshed stage that we have now?' we asked ourself. With recollections of Martin Harvey's *Everyman* in mind we should have known better. We do now.

Edith Sinclair produced the plays. Ronald Gibson conducted the music

and Lemoine Fitzgerald designed the setting. Between them they created an authentic atmosphere that was beautifully chaste and dignified. It was indeed a memorable piece of work. Its simplicity had a freshness and sweetness difficult to recapture in these *Roar China* and *Journey's End* days. There is a restlessness and hardness—which personally we enjoy—about our modern theatre to which these *Chester Plays* afford a contrast at once charming and soothing. Seeing these plays evokes the thought that, quite evidently we lost something rare and tangible when we ceased to become as little children. But what there is to be done about it we don't know!

JOHN HURLEY.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT

THE Winnipeg Community Players are perhaps the first to plough up a new field of Little Theatre activity. *The Bill* reports a series of talks on plays and producing, broadcast from Winnipeg in response to requests for advice by many groups throughout the province. Under the aegis of the Community Players and the Women's Institutes of Manitoba, addresses have been given by John Craig and others on such topics as 'How to produce a play', and a play contest is in course of organization. Such contests have long been a feature of rural life in Ontario, where they are arranged by the county agricultural societies.

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